

THE TELLING FIGHT OF THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.—SEE DOUBLE PAGE.
"THE BICYCLE GIRL," THE SECOND OF STANLAWS'S AMERICAN GIRL SERIES OF PICTURES.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE HOTTEST STRIKE OF MIDSUMMER.

THE NEWSBOYS OF NEW YORK, WHO STRUCK AGAINST THE PRICE CHARGED BY SOME OF THE ONE-CENT NEWSPAPERS, ATTACKED THE MEN WHO TOOK THEIR PLACES AND DESTROYED THE BOYCOTTED NEWSPAPERS—SCENE ON FRANKFORT STREET, NEAR NEWSPAPER ROW.

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A Far-reaching Treaty.

TO Americans the most interesting contribution in the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, the sumptuous and costly periodical edited by Lady Randolph Churchill, is the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's remarkably clear, exhaustive, and instructive setting forth of some of the consequences of the last treaty of Paris, which is shown to be one of the most valuable and remarkable documents of the kind ever drawn. The exposition made by the gifted editor of the *New York Tribune* of the advances in international law and changes in national policy marked by the adoption of this treaty is of surpassing value to every student of politics, law, and government.

Three great principles or conclusions, according to Mr. Reid, were established by the convention which concluded our war with Spain. The first is that in a dispute between nations an aggrieved party may have a choice of remedies, but not a double remedy. It cannot appeal first to arms and, being defeated, turn to arbitration for redress. Arbitration comes before war to avert its horrors; not after war to afford the defeated party a chance still to escape its consequences. A second important question settled at Paris arose out of the efforts of the Spanish commissioners to saddle the so-called Cuban debt upon the American government. They insisted that debt follows sovereignty in all cases; that the United States, having assumed control of Cuba and Cuban revenues, was under both moral and legal compulsion to assume the financial obligations of the island.

Our commissioners held that the debt in question was really an obligation resting upon Spain and not upon Cuba; that it referred to money raised in Europe for the express purpose of carrying on the war against the Cubans and to perpetuate an unjust and corrupt colonial government. The debt was incurred not for the benefit of Cuba, but to its manifest detriment. As for the holders of the so-called Cuban bonds, it was clearly a case for the application of the common-law doctrine of *caveat emptor*.

Another beneficent result for civilization and humanity brought about by our war with Spain was the practical abolition of privateering. Early in the conflict the United States announced that it did not intend, under any circumstances, to resort to privateering, and it kept its promise. Spain, on the other hand, proposed to continue the practice, but was prevented by circumstances from carrying out its threat. But the United States having committed itself to the protection of private property at sea in time of war, it is believed that this righteous and humane principle will be recognized hereafter in all international conflicts.

Strong and conclusive are Mr. Reid's replies to the Constitutional objections to expansion. The opponents of that policy make much of the idea that the term "United States" is intended to include all territory over which our general government extends its sovereignty whether originally the property of the individual States and ceded to the United States, or whether acquired in treaties by the nation itself. The opinion of the eminent Chief Justice Marshall is cited in support of this contention. He argued in the case of *Longborough versus Blake* (5 Wheaton, 819), that the term "United States," as used in the first clause of the Constitution, necessarily included the territories. Mr. Reid shows that if this construction were maintained it would involve the immediate incorporation of Porto Rico and the Philippines as an integral part of the United States, the ad-

mission of their inhabitants as citizens, and the extension of the Dingley tariff over all our new possessions, with all the political and industrial evils going with such a change, including the overturn of our present revenue system, and the loss of nearly sixty millions of duty on sugar and other tropical products.

But Mr. Reid finds no warrant for such a construction of the term "United States," either in the Constitution itself or in the decision of our highest legal authorities. Section 3 in Article IV. of the Constitution is quoted to show that Congress has absolute power to do what it will with the Philippines, or any other territory or property which the United States may acquire. This section provides that Congress "shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." The spirit and intent of this clause are obviously against the assumption that Congress is under obligation to confer a republican form upon any territory whose inhabitants are unfit for it. Mr. Reid goes further than this and insists that our government is precluded, by the preamble to the Constitution, from either admitting the Philippines to Statehood or even preparing them for it. This preamble concludes with the words "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." There is no place here for the States of Asia.

As for the contrary opinion of Chief Justice Marshall, frequently quoted, Mr. Reid points out that this opinion was not a decision of the Supreme Court, but merely a dictum of the chief justice. When the point came up subsequently in another case before Justice Marshall, David Webster maintained an exactly opposite opinion, to which no exception was made by the eminent chief justice. The position taken, therefore, by Mr. Reid is, that the language of the Constitution in no way obligates us to admit our new insular possessions to the Union, and that all the perils, embarrassments, and perplexities resulting from such action, upon which so much stress is laid by the enemies of the administration, rest upon a false and untenable assumption.

In conclusion, Mr. Reid makes the suggestion that possibly the easiest way to solve the many difficult problems arising in connection with the government of our island colonies would be the creation of a new department at Washington, or the development of a measurably independent bureau in the war office. If this suggestion should be adopted, the best man to place at the head of the new department would be Mr. Reid himself, if he would accept the place, which we very much doubt, for, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, he has not sought preferment from this administration. His appointments to the peace commission, and as our special representative at the London Jubilee, were made without his seeking, and both came as a surprise. Mr. Reid has shown administrative abilities of the highest order, and the paper from which we have quoted is the best possible evidence of his masterly grasp of the complicated and very generally misunderstood situation presented by the extension of our power in distant seas. As a contribution to the literature of international law its value cannot be overestimated.

The American Character.

It is quite easy for the scientists to trace the development of the human body and the effects of foods and climate and temperatures upon the human animal. Not long ago they caged a fine specimen of this tribe—a college-man at that—and kept him in a glass case for something like a week and made a full record of his experiences and performances. The affluent medical literature of the day is full of instances in which the animal-man has been under rigid and productive investigation, every part of him and every fibre of him yielding information for a better appreciation of his physical self. And thus there are numerous prophecies as to the future form and semblance of this interesting creature, and we are satisfied to know that while bald heads are increasing and dentists multiply, and other specialists abound more numerously each year, the prospect is that man is not going to be civilized into a breathing mummy for many centuries to come.

But it is different with the finer part of the animal. Even the specialists cannot keep a finger on the pulse of character. It is hard to take character's temperature, for the standards vary worse than cheap thermometers. We see as far as to-day, and to-morrow has its mysteries, while yesterday is forgotten. In all literature there is not an absolutely truthful presentation of a human life. We cannot put the character in the cage as we can the animal and feed it on conditions and emotions to find their tendencies and effects. Nor, to group ourselves together and call the result a nation, can we find exactly the points from which to proceed in order to get a verdict. New York and Chicago are wide-open on Sunday, and very respectable people sit in restaurants eating and drinking as if it were perfectly proper, while within 100 miles of either city are communities where a Sunday drink is regarded as a crime. Boston and New Orleans would find each other considerably embarrassed if they were to exchange customs and standards for a few weeks. San Francisco and Philadelphia would each raise a great ado if they were to trade Sundays. And so it goes all over this great land.

It might be discouraging if it were not for the fact that it takes all sorts to make a nation of seventy or eighty millions of people, and they are apt to be right in the main if the thing that holds them together is sound. After years of trial there seems to be no doubt of that, and it is generally agreed that the American character is about as strong as any on the earth. But the interesting speculation is what it is to become under the new influences that are operating upon it. "The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are going," said Dr. Holmes. Just at present we seem to be going a long way around the earth. We have left home, so to speak.

We are on a voyage of conquest and discovery. We have already obtained possession of a lot of new islands that will not pay expenses for several years to come, and we are giving them our troops, and long dispatches in the papers, and illustrated articles, and the new brethren and sisters of varied hue are coming under our far-spreading roof-tree.

It is an entirely new turn to the influences that work upon character, and it will be interesting to guess what will be the result. We have such a big country that it ought to supply our main interest, and our Presidential campaigns every four years do concentrate that interest, but the new possessions are issues, they will always be issues, and we shall have to broaden out to meet them. This may help us in a way. We shall know more about geography. We shall expand our race tolerations and we shall probably acquire a few new vices of some sort or shade. Heretofore the American character has been strong largely because it has been narrow. Our bigotries have not been beautiful, but they have accomplished a lot. Zeal is not always lovely, but it pushes ahead. The Yankee is not able to make the most graceful bow in the world, but it is about the only thing that he cannot make better than anybody else. The Westerner may be a rough nugget, but the value of the metal is in him.

So in the broadening of the American character it may be debated whether or not it is going to lose any of its effective force. Just now we do not know exactly where we are, although we think we are all right, but we do feel that we are going in the direction of a journey around the world, and we would like to know what condition we will be in when we get back to the old home place. Let us hope that the loves that cling around it and make the American character, with all its angles and imperfections, the truest and honestest in the world will guard it from all harm!

The Plain Truth.

HERE is a fine state of things! Canada is kicking up a ruckion because American miners in the Klondike country are enjoying most of the rights and privileges of British citizens, while over in the mining regions of the Transvaal other subjects of Queen Victoria are waving guns and pistols because they are denied just such rights and privileges by the Boers. Why should Englishmen wish to withhold from their American brethren on the Yukon what they are ready to fight for in their own possession over in South Africa? Ought not the sauce good enough with the English goose to be equally palatable with the American gander?

It was a notable tribute that Dr. John T. Buchanan, the principal of a high school in Brooklyn, paid to the Hebrews in a recent commencement address. "Fully sixty per cent. of the pupils in this high school are boys," he said, "drawn mostly from the poorer classes. I have never seen so much ambition as there is among these lads from the Hebrew quarters. The dominant idea possessing them day and night is to raise themselves and their people through the agency of culture." Similar testimony to the industry and studious habits of young Hebrews is given by the teachers in the New York schools. One of the latter, specially interested in the promotion of good citizenship, says that no other class of children acquire knowledge in this direction so eagerly and rapidly as the Hebrews. In a contest not long ago for the best essay on the Declaration of Independence the prize was taken by a young Polish Jew.

We are glad to observe that Secretary Gage is determined not to reply to the last letter of the Civil Service Reform League. He has not helped the administration, the Republican party, or himself by his efforts to explain the anti-civil-service order of Mr. McKinley. The curse of both political parties has been patronage. It was the grab for patronage that led to the canal scandals in this State. The same thing, and nothing else, recently brought the two Senators from New Hampshire into a fistic encounter. Patronage is responsible for most of the odium cast upon Tammany Hall, and until politicians learn that the people are not in favor of rewarding political workers at public expense we shall have opposition, organized and defiant, to every law intended to strengthen the reform cause. No act of President McKinley's was more unwise, indiscreet, and uncalled for than his order taking from the purview of the reform law a vast number of officers, variously estimated at from 4,000 to 10,000. The spoilsmen in the Ohio Republican State Convention and in the Kentucky State Convention both commended the President's action, but they will not hesitate at the Republican national convention next year to declare in favor of the civil-service-reform principle, for it is safe to predict that that convention will not dare commend the recent amendment by the President of the civil-service rules.

The question is beginning to be asked not only by the citizens of greater New York, but by many of the people in other parts of the State, whether, after all, the greater New York charter is not a failure. The subject has been brought home to the taxpayers of the metropolis by the discovery of a heavy increase in the tax-rate in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and also by the contumacious conduct of the city councilmen in refusing to obey an order of the court. The radical proposition of some of the Republican leaders, in favor of a special session of the Legislature, to cut down the term of the Mayor from four to two years, is another evidence that the new charter is not all that it was expected to be. Originally, we were opposed to the proposition of the greater New York, and we have never seen any reason to change our minds. At this time, when the Republican leaders in the city are straining every effort to bring about a union with the reform element of both parties, for the purpose of defeating Tammany Hall at the approaching fall election, it is in order to confess that the new charter, in all probability, will give Tammany Hall sufficient strength to make it invincible. The *Tribune*, in a well considered article on this subject, raises the question whether the appeal for a union of all the elements opposed to Tammany domination is either timely or attractive. The leaders who insisted on the passage of the greater New York charter, and who pledged themselves under its provisions to give the municipality a Republican mayor, are supporting the movement for the proposed anti-Tammany alliance. Is it remarkable that the *Tribune* doubts whether it will be attractive to the voter?

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE Paris vaudeville stage has lost its greatest beauty through her marriage with a famous



LA CAVALIERI, THE SENSATION OF PARIS.

travagant members of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris, spending his millions lavishly. The rival of the prince has been Prince Henri of Orleans, and La Cavallieri divided her attention between the two. It was because of his fear that the Bourbon prince would finally win her entire affection that Prince Bariatinoki finally concluded to marry the beauty. She has retired from the stage at the request of the prince, and the two have set up a sumptuous home in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

—From a desire to preach every-day Christianity in an entertaining form Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of the Central Congregational Church at Topeka, Kansas, wrote the story, "In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?" each chapter being used by the author as a Sunday-evening sermon.



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, THE STORY-TELLING PREACHER.

In 1891 Rev. Mr. Sheldon wrote his first sermon story, entitled "Richard Bruce." Since then he has written eleven other serial sermons, which have all been published in book form, and "In His Steps" is said to have had the largest sale of any story ever printed, having reached a sale of over 3,000,000 copies. This book has been translated into German, Swedish, Norwegian, French, Spanish, Armenian, Russian, and even dialects of western Africa. It was not copyrighted in England, and over twenty English publishing houses have issued editions of the book. The success of his books and the publicity he has received by being the author are almost embarrassing to Rev. Mr. Sheldon, who is by nature a modest man who avoids notoriety. He refuses to talk for publication, or to enter the paid lecture field. He has refused flattering offers to lecture at home and abroad under the management of lecture bureaus, but accepts offers to lecture, without remuneration, before the Christian Endeavor and Chautauqua societies. Rev. Mr. Sheldon is about forty-one years of age, and was born in Wellsville, New York. At an early age his father, also a minister and former missionary among the Indians of the Northwest, removed to a farm in Dakota, and his son received his early education there. Rev. Mr. Sheldon was graduated from Phillips Academy, Brown University, and Andover Theological Seminary. In 1886 he spent a season in England studying the poorer classes, and returned to take charge of a church in Waterbury, Vermont, where he remained a year before going to Topeka. Although he is a retiring man he is ever ready and willing to lend his voice in advancing his ideas. He is a firm believer in municipal ownership of public utilities, and while he will take no hand in party politics he speaks during local campaigns upon this subject alone.

—Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett, the young white woman who created such a furor of excitement at a meeting of colored people in Boston, recently held to denounce lynchings, is one of the most talked-of people in New England. Her offer to go South and bring back to the North the family of the late Postmaster Baker, as a living example of Judge Lynch's awful work, has earned for her the title of "The new Harriet Beecher Stowe." Miss Jewett lived in the South. She was the only white person present in the 2,000 who gathered at Boston to denounce lynching. Her eloquence worked her colored hearers up to the frenzied point, and, as she recited the details of the late

lynchings, the audience went wild with excitement. Taking her at her word, several representative colored people of Boston began then and there to formulate plans for her mission to the South. Miss Jewett is about twenty-four years old, is attractive, well educated, and appears to be in earnest. She asserts that this lynching problem must be taken up now and settled by the white people of the country, else surely they will pay the penalty in after years, just as they did in the slavery question. Since her noted address Miss Jewett has received many invitations from the colored people of the country to address them on the subject. She has already promised to address several colored organizations, following out the line she advanced in her Boston speech.

—The opening theatrical attraction in New York will be the Royalty Theatre Company from London, which will present the



MISS LORNA LAWRENCE.

latest success of the English metropolis, "A Little Ray of Sunshine," under the enterprising direction of Messrs. Smyth and Rice. A leading character in this striking comedy is taken by Miss Lorna Lawrence, whose delicate and refined acting has given her a high place in popular estimation. Among other prominent members of the Royalty Theatre Company who will appear at Wallack's in "A Little Ray of Sunshine" are Mr. William Elton, a well-known London comedian, and Miss Adeline Stuart. Despite the fact that August 28th is an early date for the opening of the fall dramatic season in New York, it is predicted that the London comedy will have a most successful run, one that will equal that which it enjoyed in London.

—General interest has been manifested in the United States as well as in England over the announcement that A. G. Peck has



A. G. PECK, THE PURCHASER OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

purchased the celebrated Muck Ross estates on the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, including the most delightful part of this famous and picturesque resort of travelers. The statement that Mr. Peck has made the purchase has not been denied at this writing, and it is understood that the purchase was not made for himself, but for a syndicate. One report connected Richard Croker with the enterprise. Mr. Peck is fifty-five years old, and was born in Troy, New York. He came from an old New England family, and for many years was proprietor of a large axe factory at Cohoes. He has lived in London for several years past, his wife and family remaining at their residence near Troy, and one of his sons retaining charge of the axe factory. It is said that Mr. Peck's syndicate paid \$185,000 for the lakes and that they will be made more than ever an attractive resort for American travelers.

—The "Old-home Week," which Governor F. W. Rollins, of New Hampshire, has instituted, is an innovation which has ap-



GOVERNOR ROLLINS AND HIS "OLD-HOME WEEK."

pealed so instantly and so strongly to the public that it seems likely now that not only will New Hampshire establish an annual "Old-home Week," but that other States will follow her example. The week from August 26th to September 1st has been fixed upon for observance in New Hampshire this year, and it is hoped that many natives of the State now living outside its borders will make that the time for a visit to their old home. Through the Governor's efforts local organizations are being formed in the towns of the State to communicate with absent fellow-townsmen, and to make arrangements for a local festival on some one day of the week. Aside from the sentiment and pleasure of the observance its benefit to the State cannot but be great. As the Governor said in his first communication on the subject: "I would have it part of the programme that every visitor should, during the week, go to the place of his nativity and see what he

or she could do to assist in the improvement and beautifying of the place and its general upbuilding and uplifting."

—In many novels the lives of men and women who are so fortunate—or unfortunate—as to have little to do but spend



VIRGINIA ROSALIE COXE, THE AUTHORESS.

money have been held up to the public gaze, but in very few works of fiction has the light been turned upon society so brilliantly as in "The Embassy Ball," by Virginia Rosalie Cox. It is a first novel by a new writer in the field of fiction, and it both realizes and promises much. The author is obviously at home with her subject, which she handles with so sure a touch, so easily and cleverly, and with such sparkle and vivacity that the reader is floated along buoyantly to the end of "The Embassy Ball" without being compelled to wade through a single page. In some of its phases the novel is like the cocktails and the champagne in which a few of the characters indulge with some freedom, but its stimulating qualities have no reaction and are much more permanent in effect. The press has united in favorable comments upon "The Embassy Ball," and the author has received personal letters of appreciation from Chauncey Depew, General Lew Wallace, Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli, General Alger, and from many followers of the writer's craft.

—The strong condemnation of lynching uttered by Mr. Clark Howell in a recent address before the industrial convention at



CLARK HOWELL, A SOUTHERN EDITOR, OPPOSES LYNCHING.

Atlanta has been noted with great satisfaction by lovers of law and order throughout the South. No man is more influential in that section than Mr. Howell, and no one more thoroughly represents its best thought and feeling. As a leading journalist, citizen, and business man, Mr. Howell is in close touch with all classes, and his vigorous denunciation of lynching will have great weight, and, it is to be hoped, will serve, in some measure, to check the epidemic of such crimes just now apparently sweeping over the land. One of the best possible correctives of the evil is enlightened and regenerated public sentiment, and no one is more competent to promote this good work than the brilliant editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

—The private life of Miss Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, is very delightful. She has a London and a country



ELLEN TERRY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

home, and in each there is a pervading atmosphere of comfort and homeliness that is charming. She loves to get into a loose-flowing robe (we should call it a wrapper) and play and romp with her dogs, two fox-terriers, of which she is extremely fond. In the picture given here, which was taken at her London home in Kensington, she is sitting on the floor, tempting the dogs with dainties and yet teaching them to mind their manners and wait. Miss Terry may be seen any fair morning tramping through Kensington Gardens with her two dogs, throwing things for them to fetch and romping with them gayly, as if her forty-five years had not been.

—Nothing would be liable to occur to illustrate how young Japan is in its relation to other nations and civilizations than the fact that a Japanese delegate is to be a member of the first international Congregational council to be held in the United States. It meets in Boston, September 20th to 28th. Certain ports of Japan were opened July 4th, 1859. The recent history of the country covers, therefore, only four decades. The first Congregationalist missionary sent by the American Board of Foreign Missions went from Boston in 1869. Thirty years after his departure the Rev. T. Miyagawa is sent to an international Congregational council, after serving as the pastor of a Japanese church in Osaka for precisely twenty years. He has been granted a year's vacation and been given \$1,000 (silver) to pay his expenses to Europe and the United States. His church has celebrated its twenty-sixth anniversary. The Rev. Tsuneteru Miyagawa was born near Kumamoto, in the island of Kyushu. He was one of the pupils in the English school founded by the daimio of the province to which Captain James was called as a teacher, and under Captain James's preaching and teaching Mr. Miyagawa and many others embraced Christianity. In company with a large number of his fellow-students he soon went to Kyoto and studied theology in the Doshisha, a missionary college, teaching meanwhile as a means of support. Then he became the principal of the Doshisha girls' school. A little later he was called to the Osaka church, the second church founded in connection with the work of the American Board's Japan mission. Mr. Miyagawa is easily the most popular and powerful preacher in Japan.

MISS JEWETT, WHO WILL GO SOUTH TO OPPOSE LYNCHING.



THE AMERICAN GIRL SERIES No. II.—THE DASHING BICYCLE GIRL.

[NEXT WEEK, THE SUMMER GIRL.]

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

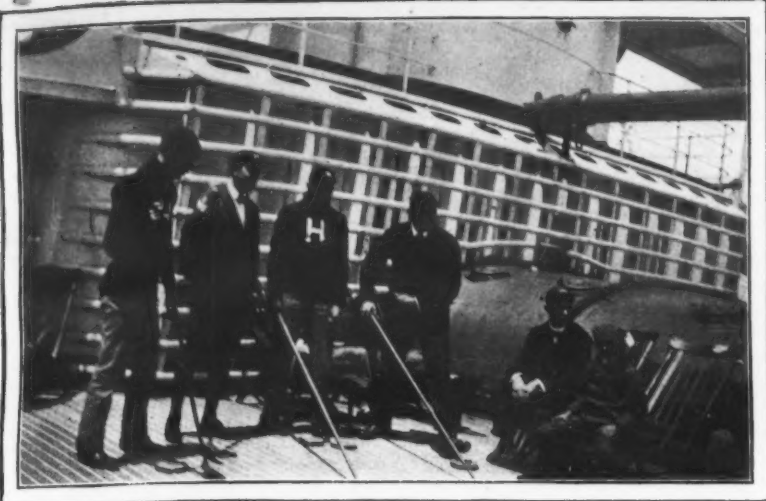
WHEN woods are dim with morning mist,
And fields are wet with dew,
And sleepy birds begin to chirp,
She flashes into view.
Her music is a silver bell,
She strikes a merry peal
At curves and crossings all the way—
The girl upon the wheel.
Her polished handle-bar is gay
With "black-eyed susans" tied,

The spoils of many a meadow green
Along her early ride.
In vain the dappled mare she meets
Throws up a dusty heel,
She races with the summer wind—
The girl upon the wheel.
Dismounting by a shady spring,
She makes an emerald cup
Of cool and glossy walnut-leaves
To dip its crystal up.
Her table is a grassy bank;
She spreads her simple meal

And shares it with the friendly birds—
The girl upon the wheel.

She tucks beneath the drooping boughs
To wave a little hand
That wayside briars have sadly scratched
And glowing suns have tanned;
But from her cheek the queenly rose
Its color well might steal;
She counts her lovers by the score—
The girl upon the wheel.

MINNA IRVING.



PLAYING SHUFFLE-BOARD ON DECK—FOX, FOOTE, ROTCH, AND BOAL, OF HARVARD, AND BOARDMAN, OF YALE.



FOX, OF HARVARD, FISHER, OF YALE, AND WENDELL AND ROTCH, OF HARVARD, IN A MATCH GAME OF SHUFFLE-BOARD.



MR. WENDELL, CHAIRMAN YALE-HARVARD COMMITTEE.



SPARRING ON DECK—BOAL, HARVARD, AGAINST FORT, PASSENGER.



HARVARD'S CHAMPION RUNNER, T. E. BURKE.

THE YALE-HARVARD ATHLETES, ON THEIR WAY TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST IN LONDON.

THEY SPENT MUCH OF THEIR TIME IN MUSCULAR AMUSEMENTS ON THE DECK OF THE OCEAN LINER.—FROM SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. P. ADAMS, YALE.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, BLUFF POINT, ON THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD. THE PRESIDENT ASSISTING MRS. MCKINLEY TO ALIGHT FROM HER CARRIAGE, AFTER A DRIVE—ATTENDANTS FROM THE HOTEL WAITING TO BE OF SERVICE.

STORIES OF THE SEA.

VETERANS IN SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR RELATE THEIR EXPERIENCES IN FIGHTING DEATH AND DISASTER—HOW CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG LIVED SIX MONTHS ON A DESERT ISLAND.

A LITTLE way along the west shore of Staten Island, just beyond the New Brighton Railroad, stands a long row of buildings in white stone and marble, fronted by an expansive stretch of lawn and gravel walk, the whole fenced in by a tall iron railing running for about a quarter of a mile along the water-front. Dotted over the lawn in all directions may be seen little knots of old, old men—wheezy old men and rheumatic old men, deaf old men, senile old men, old men who live in the past, and old men who are ever peering into the future—all dressed in the regular navy blue, and carrying, in their walk, in their eyes as they look outward over the water, the roll of their bodies as they pace up and down the gravel walks, something of the air of the sea and a dim suggestion of the captain's bridge. And to these old men, as to the world outside the row of iron railings, the place has for one hundred years been known as Sailors' Snug Harbor, about which little that is new can be said or written.



CAPTAIN W. F. DELAHANTY, COMMANDER OF THE HARBOR.

Away in the distance and far to the left of the row of buildings, and breaking the big blank space which divides the last of the houses from the private residence of Captain Delahanty, governor of the Harbor, there stands, sharp and clear and grim in the fading light of the winter's day, the bronze figure of Captain Randall, the founder of the home. In the expression of the face turned upward to the sky as if sniffing the breeze of a coming storm, one may almost imagine a certain rugged contempt for the world outside the iron gates. In varying degrees this expression is reflected on the faces of every one in the Harbor, from the governor himself down to the man who washes the floors of the dining-room. The salts have good reason for their independence, for they are under the shelter of the haughtiest and richest charitable institution in the world, always excepting the New York Hospital. Captain Randall owned a good deal of ground on Staten Island a hundred years ago, and the value of real estate has undergone a slight improvement since those days. The old sailors feel that they are part and parcel of the corporate wealth, and they are correspondingly intolerant of any approach from outsiders. The situation is thus expressed by one white-haired son of the sea:

"We are rich, enormously rich, independently rich. We don't know how rich we are. It ain't the trustees' money, it ain't the city's money, it's *our* money—Captain Randall's money. We ain't beholden to anybody outside the Harbor, and we don't want them." The old men are proud of the beautiful spot which will be their last home on this side of the grave; proud of the fine church with its wonderful bay windows standing twenty-five feet high; proud of the new theatre with its perfect stage equipment. Prouder than all of Captain Delahanty, the brave sailor, who ran the blockade on the *Sewanee* in front of the forts of Santiago, and who received from Secretary Long a sword of honor in memory of his deeds. The roar of delight from the throats of the six hundred white-haired sea-dogs grouped around the stage of the theatre on that day was the outpouring of a tender gratitude to the man who, with gentle hand, leads them down the last steps of their descent into the grave.

Look around among the groups of white-haired veterans of the sea scattered over the lawns, placidly reading the magazines and the newspapers behind spectacles of extra power, or lying sick and weary and broken in the little rooms set apart for sleep, and in each rugged face you will see the story of two generations spent in a war with the waters; of a conflict with

death in many weird shapes; of escapes in which the life of the sailor hung by a single hair. But upon the subject of these experiences they are gently, shyly diffident.

"If you talk to us of dangers," says one old man, "you might as well talk of nothing, because you see these risks are what we all expect as part of the day's work. There isn't a sailor of any experience in the sea that hasn't had starvation and shipwreck and mutiny and savages and pirates. It's just what he contracts for when he signs articles." Pressed for the name of an authority on the subject of hand-to-hand tussles with death, the old man refers easily and naturally to Captain George N. Armstrong, the virile and astute gentleman who accomplished so much to bring about the removal of Governor Trask, and a corresponding reform in the administration of the Harbor. Seventy-seven years old is Captain Armstrong. Search the world over and you will find no finer specimen of aged manhood. In the easy, sailor-like swing of his square-shaped body as he strides to and fro along the hall of the main dwelling-house; in the cat-like lightness and swiftness of his tread, one may find a reminiscence of the wondrous physical strength that held back fifty land pirates crazed with the delirium of rum, that carried him through yellow fever, through several wrecks, and through six months of a desert life on a South Sea island.



EMIL BRINK, THE HARBOR SHOWMAN.

Between Captain Armstrong and death there is something of the good-humored toleration of two old pugilists often opposed to each other. "Death? What should I care for death at seventy-seven years old?" growls the captain. "He and I understand each other by this time. We've met often enough, and I've always beaten him. I know that he must down me at last, and when that time comes—it can't be far off now—he'll find me waiting for him." And with his grizzled hair and beard, his hands scarred with the marks of the rope and the iron, his face lined and seamed with much wind and water, he suggests nothing so much as a weather-beaten old oak, knotted and gnarled with the storms of generations. "As to my experiences on the sea," says the captain, "it is possible that I've crowded more into my fifty-

two years of service than falls to the lot of most men. But you'll find that the men who've accomplished something don't care to talk about it. There are talkers in plenty, and if you walk round here long enough you'll find them. "Yes, death and me are no strangers, but I do not think I ever came near weakening before him, save perhaps once—that was the time I was cast ashore on that little island—one of a thousand—in the South Pacific. There's nothing much that's new to tell about that wreck. She was the *Oseola*, a bark, trading between Frisco and the coast of China. It was just a simoom, the craft went to pieces on a rock, crew blind drunk, took to the boats. I was the last to leave the ship. When I got clear the men had gone, and I was left alone with nothing but a small cockle-shell between me and drowning. I had no oars, no tiller, nothing in the world to guide me, and so the boat drifted along until it stuck hard and fast on the shores of that little island.

"I slipped on to the land and made my way up the beach and looked around for any sign of a moving thing—human or animal. I shouted, I whistled, hallooed, and the only answer was the cry of the jackals or the twittering of the birds in the trees. I walked two miles into the interior of the island, and two miles either way, and there was no sound, no mark, save the sound of my own voice and the mark of my own footsteps. And

then the dreadful truth burst upon me. I was alone in that island, with no fellow-creature within 500 miles of sound or sight of me. I was far out of the latitude of any kind of vessel. The chances of any one seeing me were as one in a thousand. I might live there for the rest of my days, and die there at last. My wife, my children, would think of me as of one who was dead. They would never know my fate. For all that I could tell, I might never see a fellow-creature's face again. And it was just at that moment that I sat right down on that beach with my head between my hands and gave up.

"And the next minute the old bulldog that's in me came back and whispered, 'Up, man! up and fight it out. You've never been beaten yet—don't be beaten now.' Well, the long and the short of the whole thing is, that I lived on that island for six whole months—lived on birds' eggs and the dead fish thrown ashore, seeing no faces but the faces of birds and jackals, until I almost forgot what the faces of men and women were like. How did I wash my clothes? In the sea water. How did I sleep? In a kind of rough tent made out of the leaves of the palm-trees. The light of the dawn saw me peering into the horizon for a sign of a boat. The light of the setting sun saw me on my knees, praying for deliverance. And they told me that when the craft that had been told off to watch for me along those islands came in sight at last, and I was taken away, I talked in a wild, unearthly jabber that was like no language on this earth. Before we sheered off, the men in command christened the place by the name of the Island of Dusee. When my story got to be known, some d—d fool in Frisco named me 'the ex-Governor of Dusee,' and they call me the ex-Governor of Dusee to this day.

"If you were to ask any one around here that knows about my stories they'd probably tell you all about the yellow fever, and my fight with the mutineers. I don't count that as among the worst of my perils, even though the government did make so much of it. My daughter Emma deserves all the credit for that. She's a mother now, with six little ones like herself, a lives out in Ohio. What would you say if you had to cling for seventy hours to a spar, nothing else between yourself and drowning? That's what I did, when the *Lucille*, bound from New Orleans to Boston, went to pieces off Cape Cod in a storm. Hung on for seventy hours before I was taken off by the *St. Julian*. That was fifty years ago, and I never entirely got over it.

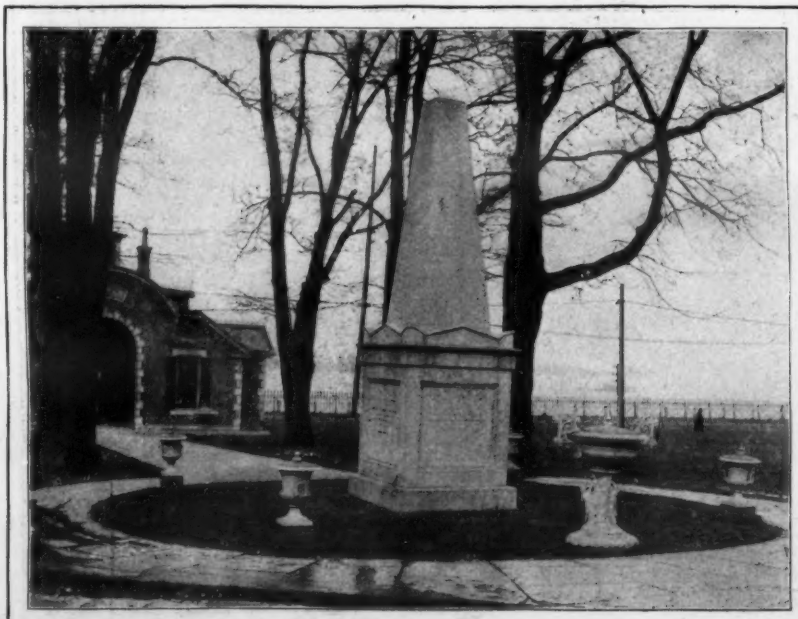
"But about that mutiny, and the pirates, and the yellow fever. That happened when I commanded the *Templar*, bark



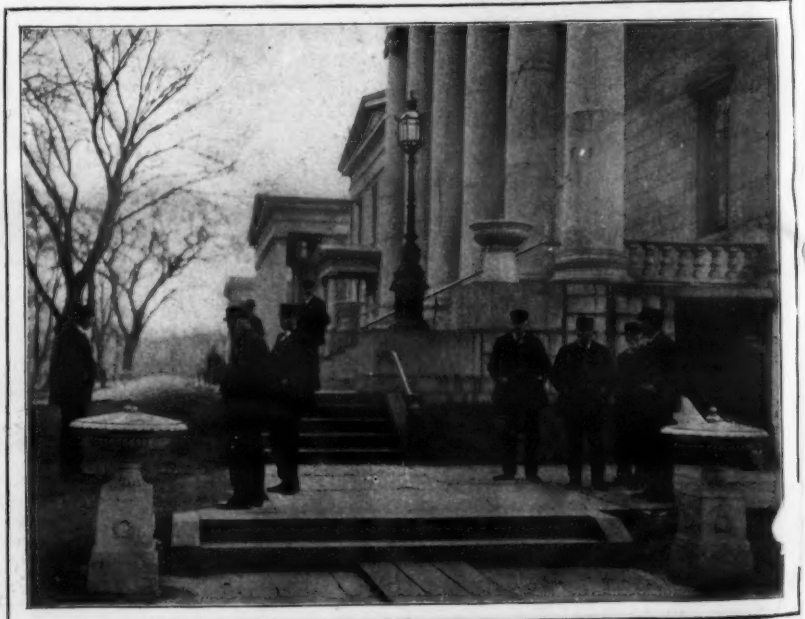
CAPTAIN GEORGE N. ARMSTRONG.

bound from Frisco to Rio and other South American ports. My first wife and my two daughters were with me on that voyage. When we were off Rio we were beset by land pirates—the thieves who come off from the shore in boats. I had a valuable cargo of silver on board, and my very life depended upon my trust. It all comes back to me as plain as yesterday—the swarm of these black rats on the boat at night; I, standing with my back against the side, a pistol in each hand, and holding them single-handed, the crew—as bad a lot as I ever handled—looking on, and half inclined to join in with them. It was just the turning of a hair either way, when all at once I heard a swish of skirts, and my daughter stood by my side pale as death, but placid and cool, with her hand in mine and her head resting quite quiet on my shoulder. That settled the crew. They gave a rush and a shout, and in a moment we had cut those land-sharks to pieces.

"That *Templar* was a hoodoo, if ever I saw one. We weren't two days on the return trip out of Rio when yellow jack broke out. We had no doctor. As for medicines—well, all you'd find in a captain's locker in those days was a little quinine and a little calomel and a few pills. Before three days had gone my wife and my second daughter were dead, with half the crew. Then the captain and the mate were taken down. My contract called for the boat to be in port at a certain day, or much cargo



MEMORIAL COLUMN ERECTED IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN R. B. RANDALL, FOUNDER OF THE HARBOR—THIS COLUMN IS THE FIRST OBJECT THAT MEETS THE EYE OF THE VISITOR.



OLD SAILORS ENJOYING THEIR LEISURE IN FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

and much money must be lost by the owners. And all that remained of the crew was in mutiny and taking command of the ship and shaping her course for Montevideo. Again it was my daughter Emma, the only one of us who had escaped, who came up on the deck, revolver in hand, and took command of the boat, made the crew change the boat's course for home—made them do it, sir, at the pistol-point. And when we got to Frisco at last, everybody began to rave about her—calling her 'the heroine of the sea' and other names; and the marine board of underwriters in Frisco, and the board in New Orleans, and the board in New York, gave her five hundred dollars in gold apiece. I got five hundred dollars for myself. And now I've told you all of my story that's worth the telling. Your people can find better use for their time than listening to the maudlinings of a misty old sailor sitting here in the sunlight."

In the little lodge to the right of the mess-hall one came face to face with another old man, in whose attitude, as he stands with his hands loosely shoved into the pockets of his blue jacket, in whose square jaw with its little tuft of goatee, there is something that recalls the days before the war, and the plantation, and the little coast-boats that carried the chattered negroes from Jamaica or from North to South under a stern chase from the British gun-boats or the Federal cruisers. The men of the Harbor have a certain kind of pride in David Clark, as a man who has seen everything and "played pitch-and-toss with fate," to quote the expression of one enthusiast.

Mr. Clark modestly admits that he did "a little something in niggers" during Buchanan's time—"jes' afore the secession come." And there is a break in his voice as he recalls the tender memory of the famous "Captain Gordon," who, when the chase by the English and American cruisers got too hot, averted detection by the simple expedient of murdering the negro captives and throwing them into the sea. That "Captain" Gordon was expeditiously hanged by order of Mr. Lincoln. "pour encouragement les autres," assuredly does not detract from the lustre of his fame in Mr. Clark's eyes. It is pleasant to recall that Mr. Lincoln's first official act as President was the signing of Gordon's death-warrant.

"That ended the slave trade," adds Mr. Clark, putting a fresh supply of tobacco in his pipe. "We did not feel like taking any more chances, with Abe on the box-seat. And, as the easiest way out of the hole, I entered the Federal navy." Mr. Clark earned his right to a place in the Sailors' Snug Harbor by a service of thirty-seven years on men-of-war. He is happy in his spotless record; happy in the possession of five medals "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the face of the enemy." "I got this," he remarks, lifting the first of the two bronze medals, "for cutting the chain barrier in the Mississippi under a heavy fire from the Confederate forts—Fort Jackson was one of them—on either bank. That was when I was able seaman on the Iroquois. They added three more bars to that medal afterward."

"This," taking the second, "oh, this was simply saving the life of a printer's boy. We were out in the South Pacific—boy hanging some sheets or linen to dry, slipped and fell overboard. I went after him and caught him. He dragged like the devil, and when the boat finally got to us I was more drowned than he was. We were in the sea about half an hour. How deep was the water? Oh, I don't know. Near a thousand fathoms, probably. The three white medals are for simple good work in battle, that's all."

In the little wiry man, with the twinkling blue eyes, the limp, and the subdued voice, appointed by Commander Delahanty to act as guide to the visitors, is found a sailor who has been five times shipwrecked. His name is Emil Brink, and his one happiness in life, aside from the regular routine of his duties, lies in the beautiful theatre with its decorations in gilt and fresco, and its perfectly-built though somewhat shallow stage. "We can give any kind of show on our stage," he says, with a flush of pride. "There is no theatre in New York that can beat us. We've had every first-class company here. Augustin Daly's company came down to play a part of 'As You Like It.' They'll do anything here, from 'Hamlet' to 'Box and Cox.' We have a big fund set apart for that purpose. We don't want the public to give us anything."

"My five wrecks don't amount to anything, except that the number is rather large for one man. My first wreck was off Cape Charles, away back in 1865, when I had to swim ashore. The second was in the *Sylvia*. We went to pieces in a fog off the banks of the Bahamas. I think I floated on a raft for two days. A little starvation or a little thirst is nothing to a sailor. The third was the *Franconia*. We were going from New York to Frisco—Captain Otis—as fine a fellow as ever walked a deck. There was a thick fog thirty-six miles off the South Foralón Islands, and we ran on a rock. I rowed about the sea in a boat until daylight before I was picked up. Then there was the *Barcelona*; her anchor-chain broke in the harbor of Nova Scotia and we drifted out into the shoals. I remember that we got ashore on a line. The fifth was a bark—I forget her name—but it escape was easy."

The achievements in narration of Captain Armstrong, Clark, and Brink have aroused the ambition of other old mariners, "all with tales to tell." There is Captain Milton Griffith, who was captured and tortured by Malay pirates; Captain Harris, who has seen adventure in every corner of the world; "Bill" Smith, who kept a burning boat afloat and held a crazed crew at bay. But at this juncture the bell for the old men's dinner peals out and the throng vanishes swiftly, silently, like the figures of a dream.

SAQUI SMITH.

A Baby—Sleeping.

A WONDERING, thoughtless girl, untired,
She stood, half-awed, a mother's knee beside,
Nor understood the passionate, selfless love
That wrapped the baby—sleeping.

But afterward God's love laid in her arms
Part of His soul clothed in baby charms,
And then she understood the circling love
That held her baby—sleeping.

Again God's love back to His gardens took
The priceless life; and now her saddened look
Years for the sake of one dear baby's love
O'er every baby—sleeping.

A. K. EVANS.

The Truth about General Otis.

WHY HIS CONDUCT IN THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN IS REGARDED WITH DISFAVOR BY THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN ON THE GROUND TO WATCH IT.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Manila, where he was in close touch with the operations of our army, writes us as follows:

General Otis's management of the Philippine campaign has aroused the severest criticism, not only among his own brigade commanders, but throughout the whole Eighth Army Corps. His policy has been one of indecisive and dilatory tactics; of ineffective skirmishes and useless advance movements. Malolos might have been taken during the weeks of idleness, but our troops were stretched for twenty-two miles around Manila, and our brave boys were picked off by squads of the enemy's skirmishers, one by one, until the general hospital at Manila was crowded with wounded. Our general advance on the night of February 4th was the only battle in which the insurgents showed real courage or fighting ability. Even then comparatively few were taken prisoners and only a few hundred were killed—at the most liberal estimate less than a 1,000. Upon every subsequent occasion when any attempt has been made to advance our lines or send out a brigade the insurgents have fled by the thousands, sending back random shots as they flew over the country.

When General Hale's brigade straightened out their lines in the vicinity of the pumping station, near Manila, our troops fired 50,000 rounds of ammunition at less than 200 insurgents, and then only succeeded in killing a score and capturing not a dozen. We mowed down the bamboo and underbrush, but there were no insurgents there. They ran as they always do. When we advanced on Guadeloupe and Pasig, on March 13th and 14th, with a whole brigade under General Wheaton, the result was one of the prettiest sham battles ever fought. All that was seen of the enemy was a silhouette of their dusky forms flying over the hills miles distant. Just a handful was captured and hardly a score were killed. Pasig was evacuated, as were all the little towns along the route to Laguna de Bay. But Guadeloupe and Pasig were old stories—they had both been in our hands before. Our troops were stretched out five miles farther into an open country, but with what result? No particular strategic advantage was gained. We had cut the enemy's territory in two, but received no benefit. They might still run around the farther shore of Laguna de Bay, while out toward Malolos and San Fernando, where the headquarters of the insurgents were, they lay unmolested.

MAJOR-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, IN COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.
Photograph by Hofsteater.

Our army knew all along where the strength of the insurgents was centered, and yet with two or three thousand troops to spare no effort was made to rout the Filipinos from their stronghold. General Lawton came on with the Seventeenth Infantry, and no command was given him for days. He wandered around like a sight-seer of the petty skirmishes that occurred. What was the meaning of all this delay when time was so precious and the rainy season was beginning to set in? No one could satisfactorily answer the question and all looked toward the palace, where General Otis sat engrossed in petty details of civil government. Our division and brigade generals were anxious to get at the enemy. Rumor after rumor spread through the city, but nothing occurred. Never was an army in better condition for fighting than ours. The commissary department was in perfect shape, and while siege food and siege prices prevailed in Manila, our boys' mess-plates were heaped with hearty and even dainty food; for, besides the substantial, the canned preserves of California were handed out in abundance.

Our arsenals were full of ammunition and our batteries well stationed. Our cavalry was fully equipped and well organized, and our infantry was tented along the lines in magnificent condition. Still we allowed the insurgents to linger about us every night and pick off our outposts. It was as if we were on the defensive, while any general of experience in the field was free to say: "Give me three thousand men and I will clean out the whole insurgent army." We left the other islands in a state of terror, while the insurgents sent out small detachments of a hundred men each and occupied all the principal seaports of the Visayas and Mindanao. General Otis notified General Rios, the commander of the Spanish forces in the Philippines, that he would hold him responsible for the peace of the rest of the islands; but how was a general of a defeated army to enforce such an order? Iloilo capitulated and the Spanish troops embarked for Zamboanga, in Mindanao, where there is an old Spanish fortress. What did they care for Iloilo and Cebu, now that their power in the islands was broken? Yet General Otis refused to consider territory outside of the six-mile lines of Manila other than Spanish territory. So we had to send two war-ships to Iloilo and Cebu and fight for a territory that might have been occupied without bloodshed. Negroes voluntarily asked for annexation and protection, the capitalists foreseeing the reign of terror that would result from a Tagalo invasion. It was not to our credit that we did not occupy that island weeks before we did. Two of the most important ports of Mindanao are now in the hands of a few Tagalos, who have seized the helpless government and imprisoned the priests, and yet General Otis does nothing to secure this great, rich island, perhaps the most valuable and richest of our Philippine acquisitions. The Spaniards have no further interest in guarding the Philippines. Daily they are embarking for Barcelona by the thousands. Why should we, a great nation, look to them to protect the territory we have taken from them? Great English, Spanish, and Belgian syndicates are buying up immense tracts of church property for a mere song and awaiting developments, while the friars of the Dominican, Franciscan, Capuchin, and Augustinian orders are embarking for Spain and South America.

No one who has studied this problem can attribute to any other than political or incompetent reasons the cause for such a delay. Either General Otis is totally unfit for a military commander, or Washington politicians are manipulating the strings of the government. From a military standpoint there is no reason for standing in the mud in a Philippine rainy season, when the roads are rivers and the streams torrents, and allowing the insurgents to continue their active plans for erecting fortifications and buying arms. We have the soldiers; we have generals in command of divisions and brigades who are fighters; we have a commissary second to none the world has ever known, and we have a clear stretch of country only cut up by occasional small streams. We have a great fleet in the harbor and numerous small boats to ply the rivers and protect our advances. We

have a fully equipped transportation department, besides a line of railway along the route penetrating the insurgents' strong hold. We have every necessary equipment to fight a strong army of equals, while on the other hand we are only opposed by a poorly-managed and partially-armed body of people, unskilled in the art of modern warfare; who have but few artillery pieces, and who don't know how to use what they have who are already suffering for lack of food and are running low in ammunition. This is easily attested by the fact that the Mauser now is seldom heard, and the Springfield is fired with reloaded cartridge, the powder in which won't carry the bullet 500 yards.

Under these conditions the army is chafing and getting discouraged and disgruntled. Petty jealousies are springing up and the new-comers find themselves kept back and down, while the old-comers are not allowed to fight. The army and navy are at variance. Admiral Dewey has gone home at last. The subordinates in the army are disgusted with the state of affairs. The volunteers want to fight and go home, and the regulars are getting indifferent to the whole proposition. All are asking: "What are we here for?" and "What will the American people think of us?"

Venezuela a Bonanza.

ONLY A LITTLE BUSINESS HORSE-SENSE, SAYS MINISTER LOOMIS, IS NEEDED TO GIVE THE AMERICAN A PRACTICAL MONOPOLY OF TRADE IN THAT COUNTRY.

In the heart of Venezuela lies a bonanza ready to the hand of the American manufacturer. Francis B. Loomis, who for some years has been United States minister there, says so. And his close experience with the conditions that prevail in the country assuredly entitles him to speak with authority.

"Down in Venezuela," says Mr. Loomis, during a recent visit to New York, "are all kinds of money, and the German and English manufacturers are getting it. The American manufacturer is blind to his opportunities. He apparently cares to know nothing of the conditions which would naturally lead to the development of our trade. I suppose there is in Venezuela a certain market for every kind of commodity that we produce, save, perhaps, overcoats, woollens, or heavy wines and beers."

"The obstacle in our way is to be found in our traders themselves and the men who are sent down there to represent them. If a drummer is to succeed it is absolutely necessary that he should know the Spanish language. Scarcely one of the American drummers going into Venezuela understands a syllable of the kind of Spanish spoken in South America. And in this he is placed at a hopeless disadvantage with his English and German rivals."

"Short credit is another of our worst difficulties. The American manufacturer, following the custom at home, gives only sixty days' credit. It is impossible to do business on that basis in Venezuela. The English and German traders give six months' grace—and here I should explain that a long credit is an absolute necessity of existence in Venezuela, if the local planters are to pay their way. The coffee and cotton men there can realize on their crops only twice in a year; and it is then that they are able to pay their bills. Many Berlin houses place a young man in Venezuela for a certain number of years, until he has thoroughly familiarized himself with the country and the people. Then he is called home and is in a pretty good position to advise his seniors as to the class and kind of commodities on which they may reap the greatest profit."

"The American manufacturer, unfortunately, adopts an entirely different policy. His method is to dump every kind of goods into the Venezuelan market, without the slightest reference to the tastes of the people, the climatic conditions, or to necessities. He arrogates to himself the right of choice and tries to ram his wares down the Venezuelan throat. The result is obvious. He is beaten at every point."

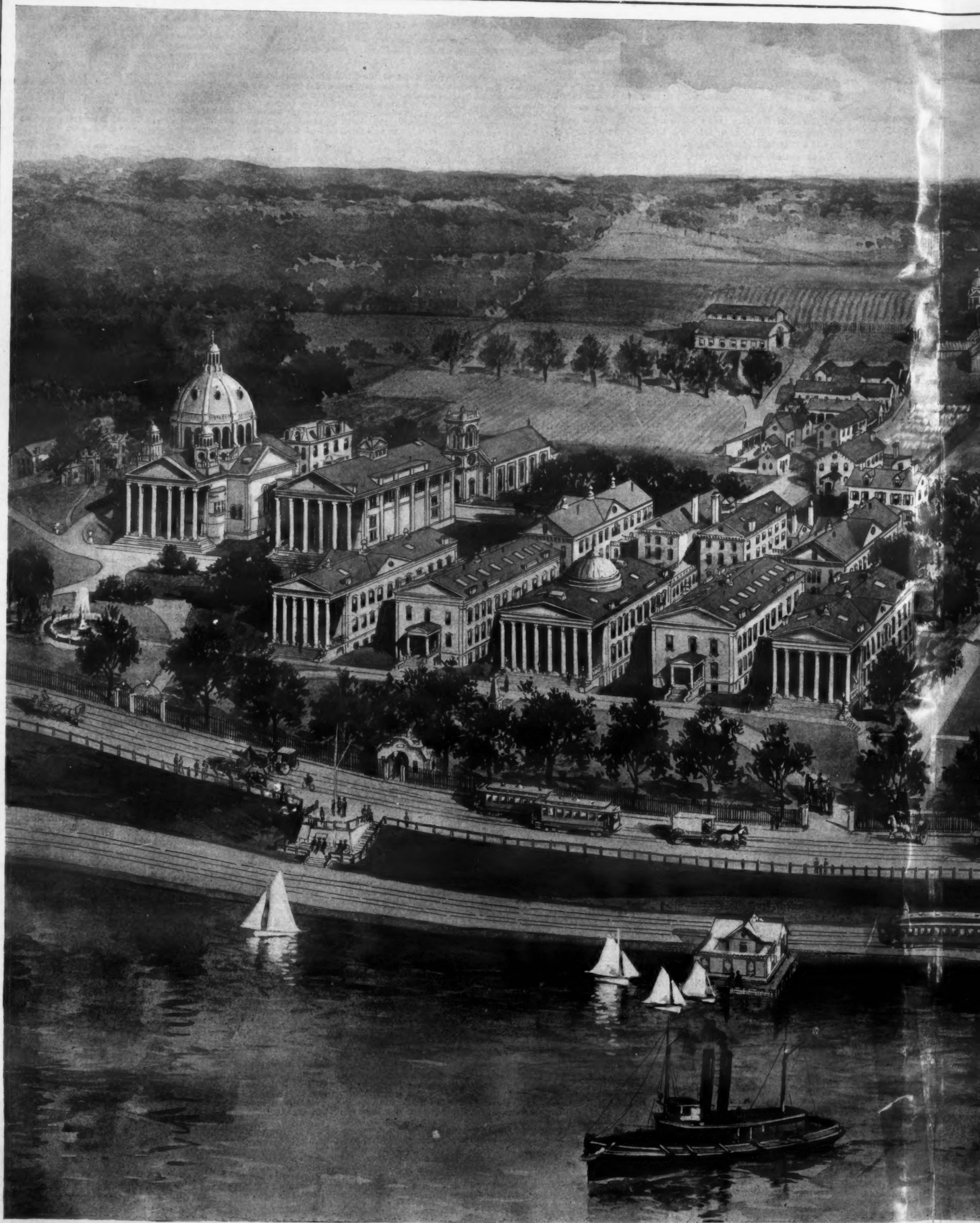
"The American business man must live there for at least five or six months in the year, build up friendships, and establish close personal associations. You can hardly imagine how much the Venezuelan is swayed by personal considerations. The element of friendship outweighs business every time. One strong element in our favor, however, is to be found in the new postal regulations just established between this country and Venezuela. Under that law a parcel weighing eleven pounds may be sent by mail to Venezuela—and a good deal may be put in an eleven-pound parcel."

"The wealthy women of Venezuela know how to dress, and will spend much money on personal adornment. It seems to me that the big retail houses might do considerable business in Caracas and other cities with these eleven-pound parcels. A movement is on foot for the union of the three great rivers of South America—the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Platte—by means of canals. If this is successfully accomplished the next century will see a wondrous development of the vast mineral wealth of South America, and the opening up of the gold and diamond fields of the Orinoco region will be one of the first results. And right here I should say that our iron men, with their picks, shovels, and pans, might realize a good deal of trade and profit among the miners in that part of South America."

"Summarizing the whole situation, I am of opinion that it needs only the exercise of a little common sense and a little adaptability by our American traders to divert this limitless stream of commerce from the countries of Europe to our own shores."

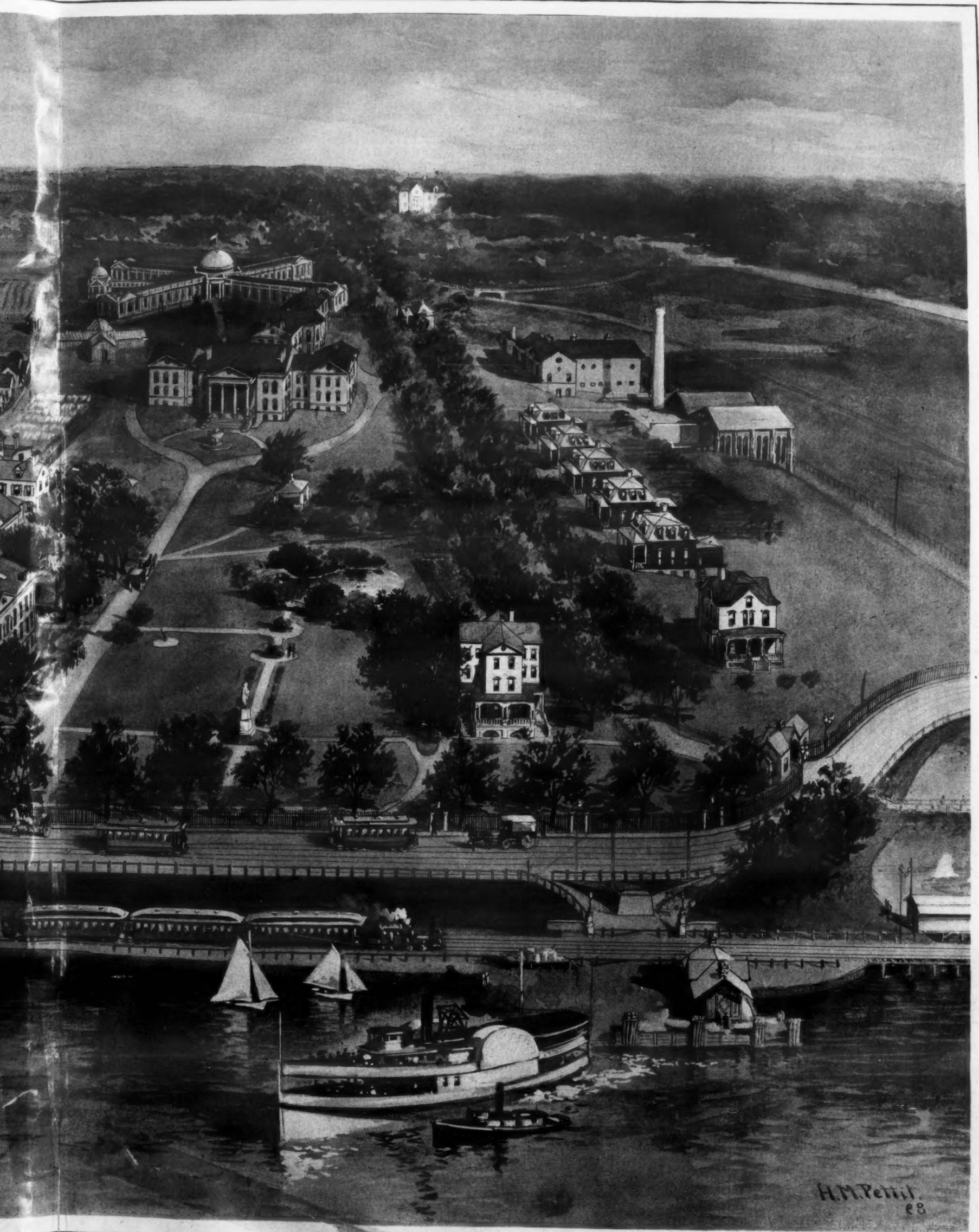


MINISTER FRANCIS B. LOOMIS.



THE FINEST HOME IN THE WORLD

THE FAMOUS SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR AT STATEN ISLAND, WHICH IS MORE RICHLY ENDOWED



H.M. Pettit.
P8

THE WORLD FOR NEEDY SAILORS.

RICHLY ENDOWED THAN ANY OTHER INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN EXISTENCE. — (SEE PAGE 122.)

Telling Fight of the Campaign.

THE INCIDENT IN THE SAN ISIDRO CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES WHICH TESTED THE GRIT OF THE AMERICAN REGULARS—WHAT GENERAL LAWTON CALLED "THE MOST BRILLIANT FIGHT OF THE SEASON."

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

MANILA, June 1st, 1899.—Not even yet is the true and full inwardness of the movements of General Lawton's column, flying to the northward and back again, thoroughly understood in Manila. Starting out from Loma Church, pushing onward through strange, new country, going around the great swamp, fighting twenty-five pitched battles with varying forces of insurgents, Lawton's tireless, resistless advance, culminating finally in the capture of San Isidro, seemed brilliant. The reason for his backward march to Manila is by no means clear, but to the majority of the army men here, to whom Lawton is an ideal American soldier, it is certain that he neither committed a military blunder nor suffered any reverses in the face of the little brown enemy. It remains only to be said, then, that the moves of that famous column are something of a military mystery. It is taken for granted that Lawton acted under orders, and so, while the mystery does not lessen, there is only praise for the hero of El Caney.

But one incident of that puzzling campaign stands out sharp, distinct, clear—a beacon of American grit, dash, triumph, shining before a background of uncertainty and bewildering motives. That incident was the Third United States Infantry's all-day running fight from San Miguel to Baliuag. Pio Pilar, the young fighting idol of the Filipinos, is reputed to have conducted the attack, and orders found on a dead insurgent officer show that Pilar's division was ordered into the movement, though of the exact number of the enemy engaged there is no more exact information. The division attacked a regiment and got off with the worst drubbing that a single regiment of ours has given the enemy since the start of the campaign. To be strictly exact, it wasn't a whole regiment of ours, either. The Third had but ten companies present. On May 22d these ten companies, commanded by Captain J. W. Hannay, were at San Miguel. That night telegraphic orders were received to move the regiment from San Miguel to Baliuag on the following day. In some mysterious way the insurgents possessed themselves of the contents of that order. They prepared to give the Third a warm reception on its inward march. Instead, they got one themselves.

At about six o'clock on the morning of the 23d of May the Third left San Miguel. Though no enemy was known to be within striking distance every precaution was taken. Captain Butler's battalion led, with A Company, under Lieutenant McArthur, as advance guard, and L Company, under Lieutenant Ross, supporting. M Company, under Captain Day, and K, under Lieutenant Hannay, came next. Lieutenant Hawthorn, with one mountain-gun, came between the first and second battalions, the entire artillery force. Captain Beal's second battalion was composed of C Company, under Lieutenant Moore, and G Company, Beal's. Captain Cooke's battalion consisted of I Company, under Lieutenant Freeland; E, under Lieutenant Giddings; F, under Wygant, and H Company, commanded by Lieutenant Houle, acting as rear guard. For the first two hours the regiment toiled over the road, halting just outside of San Ildefonso at eight A. M. Here details were sent back to build bridges for the passage of the wagon-train, which was under Captain Cooke's protection. Just ahead of the advance guard a squad of a dozen or so of the men of the signal corps had passed along, picking up the wire of the military telegraph laid on the way out. It was this signal corps which ran into the first signs of the enemy. While busily working along the road these wire-pullers ran unexpectedly into an advance post of the insurgents. The first our signal-men knew was a sharp hail, a demand for surrender. Looking up and ahead, they found themselves looking into Mausers, backed by the grinning, confident faces of the natives. It was a situation that called for yielding. The little American squad, though greatly outnumbered, did nothing of the sort.

"Give 'em —!" shouted one of the wire-pullers. In a twinkling the tiny, almost invisible puffs of smoke began to come from the ground, where the Krag's were spitting out their message of contempt.

"Hurry up, boys!" shouted one of the shooters. The summons was not needed, for at the first sound of shots McArthur's company started forward on the run, taking the road and both flanks, while Ross's company deployed out to the left, and Lieutenant Hannay's company on the left of that, while M Company, Captain Day, went off to the right to swing in on San Ildefonso. With the enemy in trenches and the Americans in open country without protection, everything was favorable to the wiping out of these companies, for the fire of the little brown rascals was brisk and rattling. It rapidly became less brisk, less accurate, for, as the Third's men advanced, they fired so swiftly and with such accuracy that the brownies soon discovered the peril attached to raising their heads above the trenches. M Company getting too far to the right, C Company was ordered in between A and M, while Captain Beal led G as support along the road. Then the charge began, accompanied by that rousing yell taught to American soldiers. For a mile the charge continued, the insurgents forced to give way, yet stubborn about it. Even when they began to retreat, the brownies preserved their organization perfectly. They were picked troops—the chocolate cream of Aguinaldo's army. On the hill near the town one body of men, the famous "red-legs" halted and sent back a beautiful volley. The return fire made them take to their heels. It was half-past ten when the regiment got into San Ildefonso, the men fagged and winded. A stop was made for coffee. It was estimated that the fight just finished had been against about a thousand of the enemy. Thirty dead insurgents and twenty-two Mausers were found.

Coffee was being served to the tired fighters when word came forward that another force had attacked the rear guard and the bull train. Houle's company was the first fired upon here. Swift as a flash he wheeled his company about, and straight at the brownies they went, shooting as they ran. Captain Hannay took G and C companies and the mountain-gun and went back to give

help. Though the re-enforcements hurried, by the time they arrived Cooke's Battalion had disposed of their assailants, estimated at 500. Two of Houle's men were wounded in the scrimmage. On to Maasin was the next move. Here, every one knew, the chances were big and bright for fight. On the way up into this country, Lawton's men had driven the brownies out of trenches at Maasin. The trenches were there yet. Captain Hannay ordered them thoroughly scouted. This was done, but not a single Filipino developed. Therefore the regiment started across the river. A, L, and one platoon of M had gotten over the bamboo bridge; the second platoon of M and the whole of K were on the bridge, in solid formation. P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p! rang the Mausers. The range was hardly 200 yards. The soldiers tightly packed on the bridge should have suffered frightful loss. Not a man was hit! M Company took the bank of the river as protection and opened fire, while A Company, now on the top of a hill on the other side, hurried off to the left in line of skirmishers. K Company, at double time, got to the right of A Company, L to the left. In that order the enemy's position was charged and taken on the rush. An insurgent captain was found dead here, another wounded. Some three-score of brownies gave themselves up. Private Murphy and one other soldier, who were flankers, were within twenty feet of the enemy when the scrimmage opened. Both soldiers threw themselves down, opened fire and kept it up until the line was across the river. Though exposed to the fire of five Filipino companies, neither one was hit.

It is not often that an enlisted man gets a chance to run a part of the fight to suit himself. That chance, however, came to one bugler. Captain Hannay, finding that L Company was too far away to hear orders, sent his bugler after the company to sound the charge. At the first notes L flew onward. It was right here that the bugler forgot, for the time being, that he was only the commanding officer's orderly. He saw another chance for L to move on the jump—too good a chance, he thought, to be lost. He sounded once more, and Lieutenant Ross, imagining, of course, that the order came from Captain Hannay, executed it. Not even yet was the bugler's thirst for forward action satiated. He sounded again and again, as the heat of generalship made his blood flow fast and hot. By the time the bugler came to himself and relinquished the duties of fight-director, the poor fellows of L Company were troubled with shortness of breath. In this brisk affair, according to the official report, the dead reached a total of about sixty, including some officers. It is the enemy's dead that is meant, of course. Twenty-one Mausers and six Remingtons were the spoils of this field.

When the forward movement was again begun, at three in the afternoon, Captain Hannay wanted to relieve A Company from further duty as advance guard, to give the men a rest from their hard work of hours. Lieutenant McArthur begged hard, however, and was allowed to keep his position in the lead. A mile and a half he had gone when he discovered the enemy, heavily intrenched to the left, near a bridge that had to be crossed. He deployed his men, having no sooner done so than

he fell, shot through the ankle. While L Company was ordered to the left of the road, and M to the other side of the road to take position, K was ordered to move across the bridge, and did so, flanking the trenches. Before the men of K Company had gotten fifty feet, yelling like fiends, the brownies took fright and fled, making first-class targets of themselves as they did so. Fifty or sixty dead enemies and fifty captured rifles was the tale at this point. K lost four men wounded in the charge; one of them has since died. Just before dark the regiment was fired on from ahead. Two shells from Hawthorn's gun sent the insurgents after something they had forgotten.

Exhausted, but happy, the Third marched into Baliuag at nine o'clock in the evening. Three men killed and fourteen wounded were the casualties for the day. Two of the wounded have since died, and another is expected to. Had it not been that our men shot so effectively as to demoralize the enemy's fire, this tale of American losses would have been much more gruesome. General Otis promptly telegraphed congratulations to Captain Hannay. General Lawton wired: "The most brilliant fight of the season, and the most effective." "The telling fight of the campaign," was the message that General MacArthur sent. As the oldest regiment in the army, the Third has sustained its record of a century's quick, decisive, brilliant fighting. The Filipinos have learned a lesson which will probably do them good.

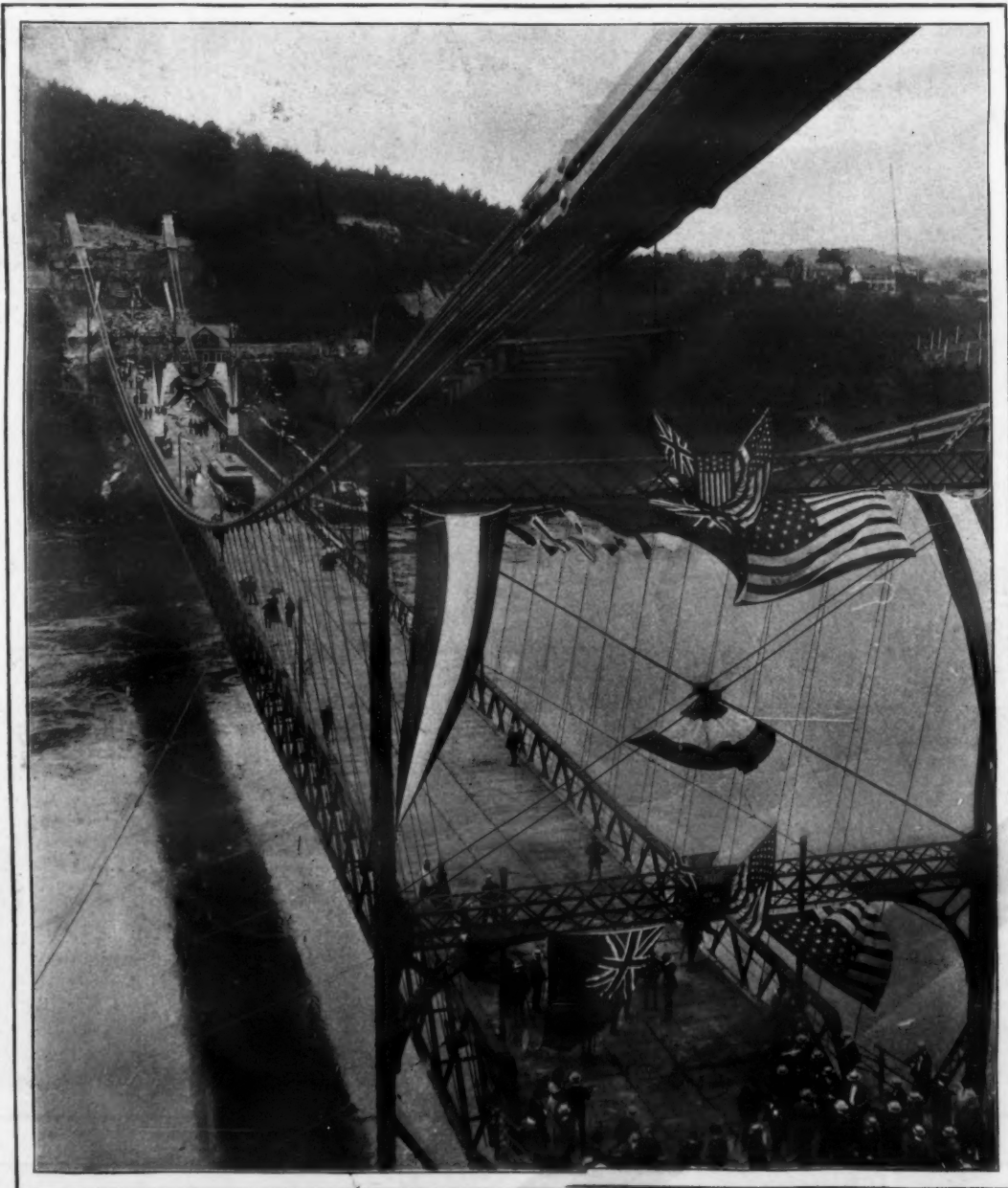
H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Another Niagara Bridge.

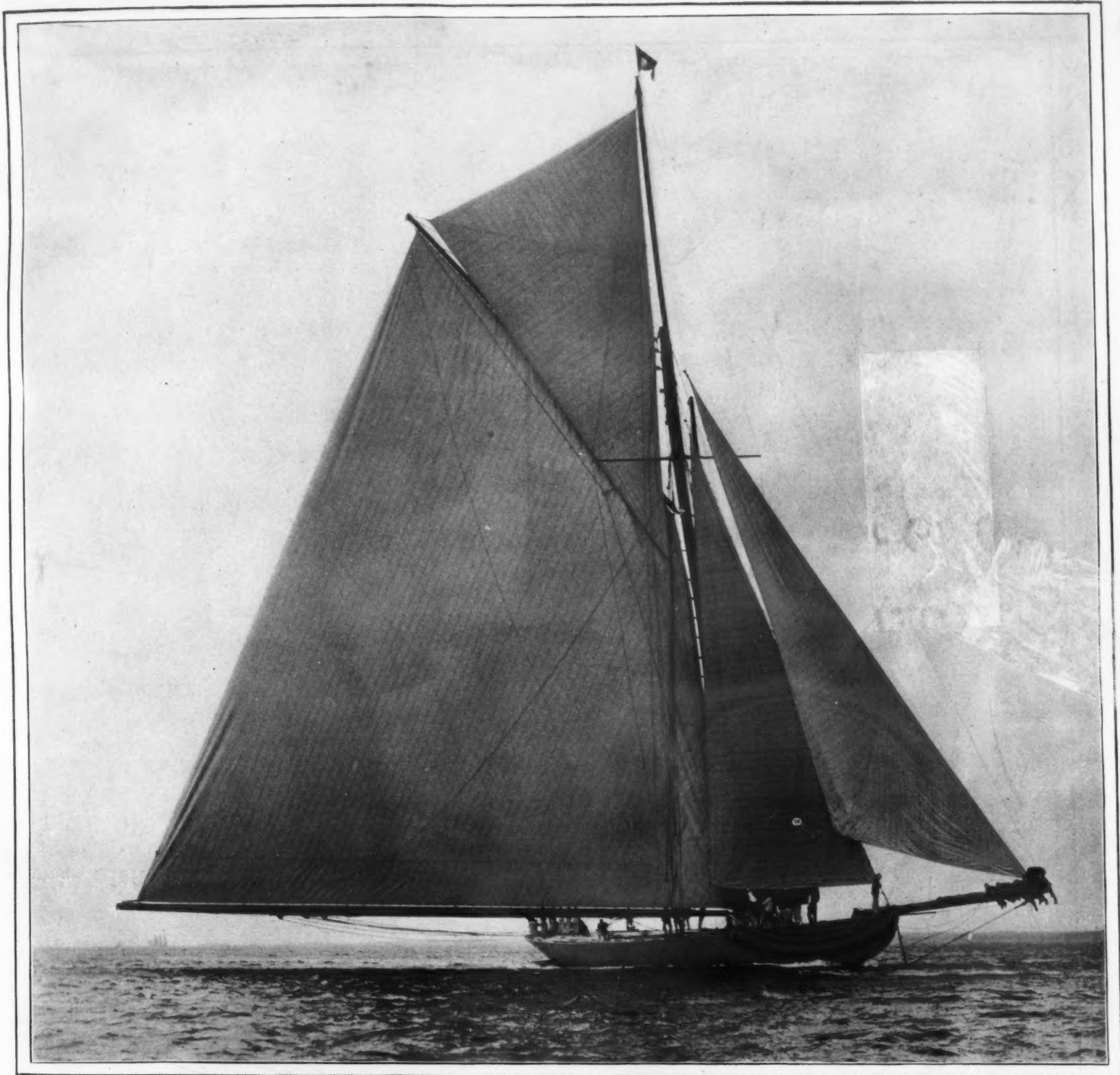
A NEW LINK IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE CHAIN.

A NEW suspension bridge has been erected across the Niagara River, and thus an additional bond has been created between the people of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. This bridge occupies the identical site of the suspension bridge built in 1850-51 and destroyed by a hurricane February 1st, 1864. On the New York side the bridge rests on the slope of the Lewiston mountain, while over on the Canadian side the famous Queenstown Heights tower high above it. There, sentinel like, high above the bluff, the granite shaft erected to the memory of the brave General Brock stands out in bold relief, and it was in the shadow of this monument that the ceremonies attending the formal opening of the bridge took place on July 21st.

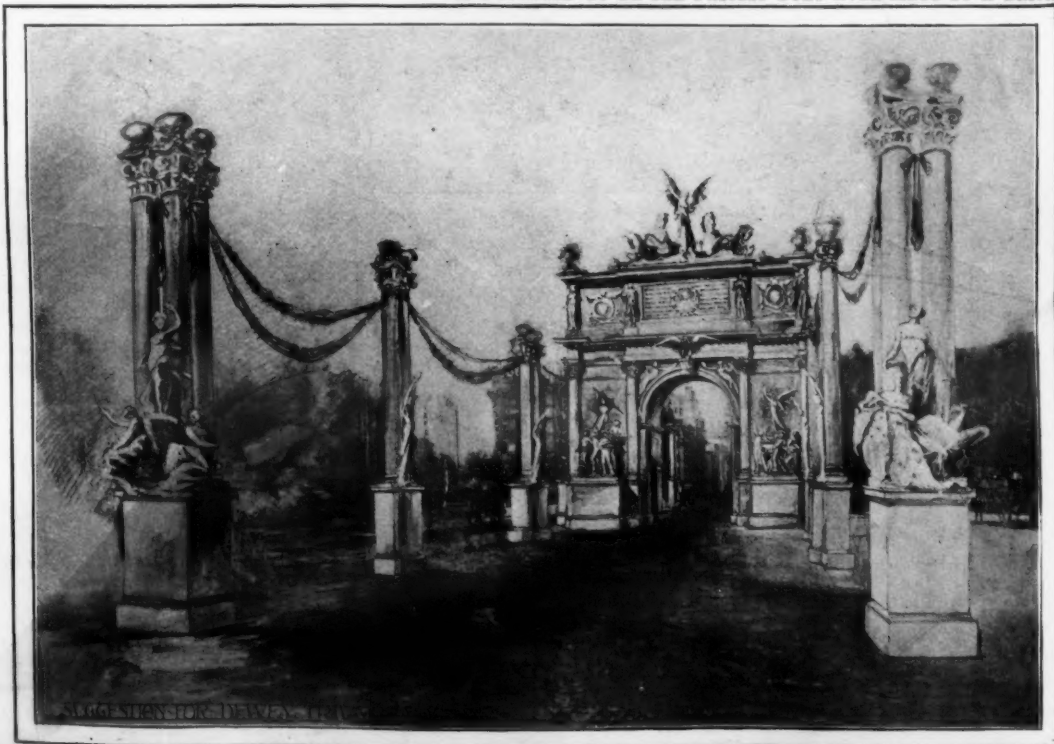
The bridge was built by the Lewiston Connecting Bridge Company and the Queenstown Heights Bridge Company, now controlled by the International Traction Company, of which the Hon. W. Caryl Ely is president. It is designed to be one of the connecting links in a belt-line electric-railway service about the beautiful gorge. It has a cable span of 1,040 feet, and the suspended span is 800 feet. All of the suspension bridges which formerly stood farther up the river, but which have now been supplanted by modern all-metal arches, were erected even with the cliff-tops, but this latest and only Niagara suspension bridge is suspended midway between the tops of the banks and the



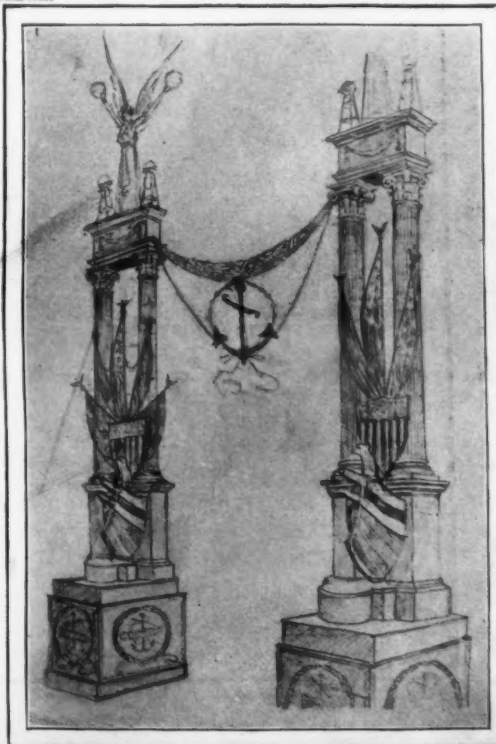
THE LATEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE, JUST OPENED OVER THE NIAGARA RIVER. ANOTHER ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.



THE BRITISH-BUILT YACHT "SHAMROCK," WHICH WILL TRY TO TAKE THE CUP FROM THE UNITED STATES.
THE "SHAMROCK'S" SPREAD OF CANVAS IS CALCULATED AT 13,000 SQUARE FEET, ITS MAIN-MAST IS THE GREATEST SPAR EVER PUT ON A YACHT, AND THE "SHAMROCK" IS DECLARED TO BE THE FASTEST BOAT EVER MADE BY A BRITISH BUILDER.

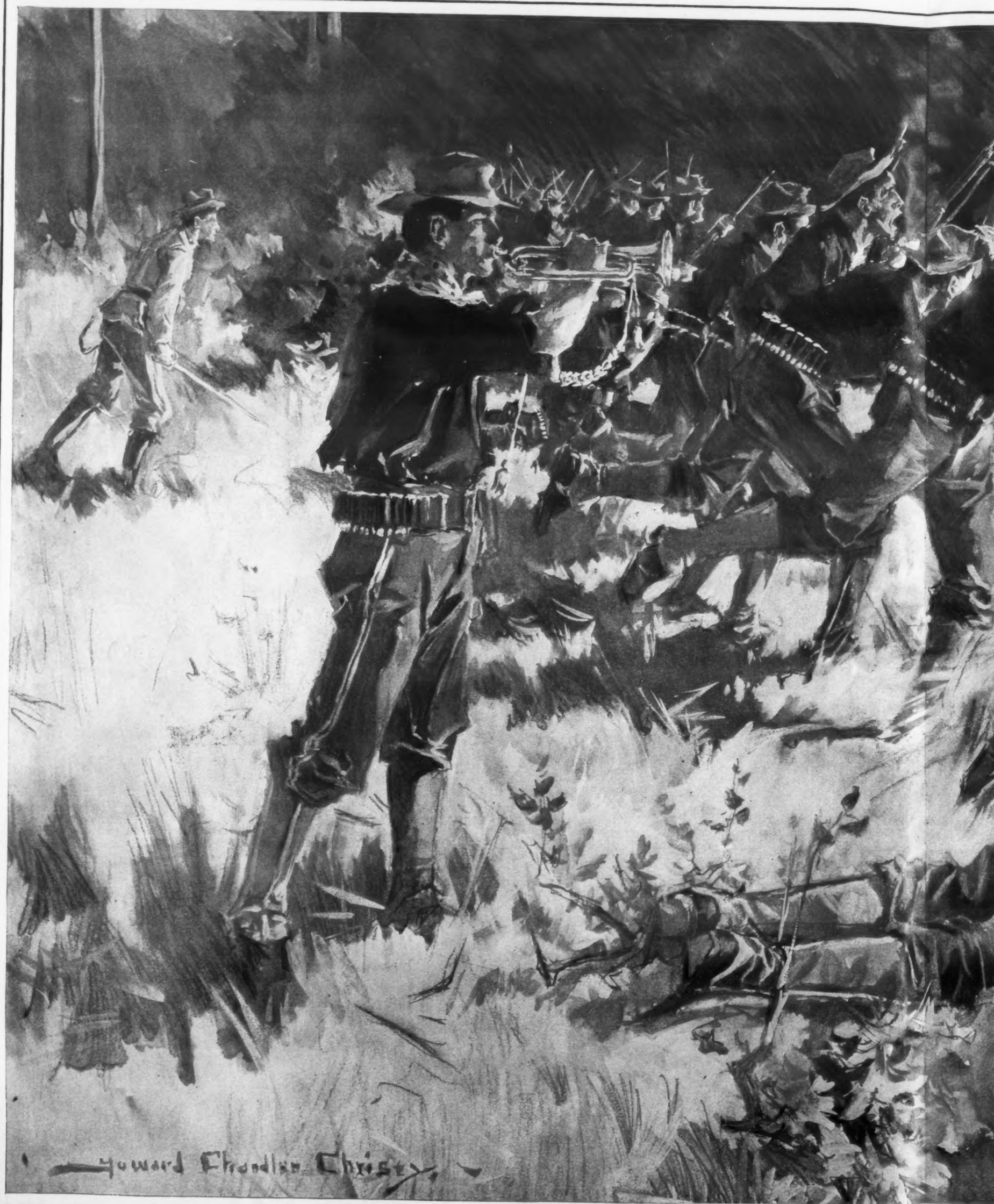


THE PROPOSED DEWEY TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND COLONNADE, AT MADISON SQUARE AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



PROPOSED DECORATION AT MONTAGUE TERRACE, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

NEW YORK'S MAGNIFICENT WELCOME TO ADMIRAL DEWEY.
ORNATE AND ELABORATE DECORATIONS PLANNED IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 131.]



THE TELLING FIGHT OF THE FIL

SPLENDID VICTORY OF THE THIRD UNITED STATES REGULARS IN THE SAN ISIDRO CAMPAIGN.



THE FILIPINO CAMPAIGN.

THE FILIPINO CAMPAIGN—A PATRIOTIC BUGLER LEADS AN HEROIC CHARGE.—[SEE PAGE 130.]



FINISH OF THE MILE RACE, WON BY A. HUNTER, CAMBRIDGE.



VASSALL, OF OXFORD, WINNING THE LONG JUMP, TWENTY-THREE FEET.



THE START FOR THE DECIDING EVENT, THE THREE-MILE RACE—WORKMAN, CAMBRIDGE, THE WINNER, IS SECOND ON THE LEFT, AND THE THIRD IS PALMER, OF YALE.



FINISH OF THE HALF-MILE RACE, WON BY H. E. GRAHAM, CAMBRIDGE.

THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGIATE SPORTS.

THE NOTABLE CONTEST OF THE ATHLETES OF CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD AGAINST HARVARD AND YALE, AT THE QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, LONDON. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY BURR MCINTOSH.

water, its height above the stream being only sixty-five feet. The cables of this new structure were once a part of the suspension bridge that spanned the gorge close to the falls. That bridge had a much longer span than this new bridge, and it was found possible to cut the wire ropes of the cables in two for use in the new bridge.

When so cut, however, they did not quite fill out the entire length of the cable span, and for this reason a portion of the span at either end of the bridge is made up of eye-bars, plainly noticeable in the illustration. Each cable is formed of fourteen two-and-one-quarter-inch wire ropes, and the weight of the four cables is about 200 tons. In the bridge proper there are about 800 tons of metal. The engineer was Mr. R. S. Buck. On the day of the opening the bridge was gayly decorated from end to end. The stars and stripes and the union jack floated together, signifying a peace in strange contrast with the picture memory outlined of the fierce strife between the armies of opposing countries on this very same spot less than a century ago. In the centre there was a triumphal arch, which many referred to with seeming great pleasure as "Annexation Arch," and it was under this arch that the invited guests of the International Traction Company assembled shortly before one o'clock, the Canadian guests coming out in line from the Dominion end and the New York guests proceeding in the same order from the American end. When the arch was reached a band played what to Americans was "America," but to the Canadians it was "God Save the Queen." Heads were uncovered, and there, over the centre of the boundary stream, reverence was paid and joy expressed over the Anglo-Saxon union. At lunch, Mr. Ely acting as toastmaster, speeches were made by Hon. G. W. Ross, minister of education of the Province of Ontario, and several others from both sides of the river.

Greetings to Admiral Dewey.

THE MAGNIFICENT ARCHES AND COLONNADES TO BE
ERECTED IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE magnificent greeting which New York is preparing to give the hero of Manila when he reaches this port in October will have among its most striking and unique features a beautiful triumphal arch and colonnade at Madison Square and Fifth Avenue, and a row of noble columns on Montague Terrace, Brooklyn, as shown in our illustrations. These structures will be erected from designs prepared by a special committee of the National Sculpture Society, consisting of a number of the most eminent sculptors and architects in the United States. The members of this society have offered their professional services gratuitously in preparing designs and models for the artistic embellishment of the city during the Dewey celebration.

The triumphal arch at Madison Square will be re-enforced by a line of columns extending on either side of the avenue from Twenty-third Street north and beyond the arch to Twenty-fifth Street, thus making a magnificent approach on both sides. The arch itself will be enriched with sculpture symbolizing our power as a maritime nation. The structure has been designed on the well-known lines of the famous Arch of Titus, which, with its two great piers on either side of the central opening, permits of important masses of sculptural enrichment.

The four great piers will personify the four great subjects, "Patriotism," "War," "The Return," and "Peace." These will be represented in allegorical groups. Above these groups will be portrait figures of those admirals and representatives of the navy whose names are famous in history. Secretary Long of the Navy Department has been asked to suggest the names of these men, and he has proposed Paul Jones, of the War of the Revolution; Decatur, Hull, Perry, and Macdonough, of the War of 1812; Farragut, Porter, and Lieutenant Cushing, of the Civil War. The statues of these men will be from ten to twelve feet high. The keystone of the arch on either side will be surmounted by a great eagle, above whose wings will be the welcoming inscription of the city of New York to Admiral Dewey.

The chief material used in the arch and colonnades in Madison Square and also in the Brooklyn colonnades will be staff, which will give them the appearance of the purest and whitest marble.

The Plucky Filipino.

(Special correspondence of "Leslie's Weekly.")

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, June 20th.—There is a big American negro who came over with our troops and is stationed at the hospital for insurgents whom we picked up on the field and brought into Manila. He is a splendid specimen physically of the Southern darky, and to hear him talk almost took me back to Georgia.

"Fo' various reasons I've declined to be 'shamed o' my color," he said to me the other day, while I was passing through the tents of wounded Filipinos.

"Why, dis yer race nebba got hit's growth," he continued. "People told me de Filipinos war niggers, but hit's a gross slanda' to de color. I'm a nigger, an' I'm a proud man when I look at dis yer race. Why, dey's monkeys compared w' me. Tain't a prop'r juxtaposition. A color'd man is a peace party; these Filipinos habn't boss sense. Besides dis fac', a color'd man, I reckon, knows when he's done for. Look at Peter Jackson! When dey licks him he jus' shakes hands an' gits out ob de ring, but dese yer fellows dey get surly an' won't talk. Dey lay on der backs days an' weeks an' say nuff'n. I neva would a-come out yer if I'd know what I se a-comin' to. America am good enough fer me."

"But don't you see any good in these poor chaps?" I said. "Perhaps if you were on your back with a Remington bullet through you you would see surly."

"Don't put me down as crittencisin' the dismembered and dismembered," replied the good-natured member of the Ninth. "But I s'pose dar' a bit o' homesickness in it. Fo' dar am one conclusion I hab drawn from the Filipino when he's wounded. He certainly am brave. He do take his medicine. No growls; no kinks. He certainly am stocky."

And I couldn't help but agree. We have several hundred natives under medical care, and they are stoics in sickness as in everything else. They show splendid vitality, and the physician in charge told me that the majority of them would

recover, although in some cases the wounds were very bad. Many of them had lost arms, legs, and some had undergone difficult operations, but they recovered as quick as a healthy animal. The improvised hospital for their care resembles a large camp. The tents are floored and raised from the ground, and canvas cots are provided. They are given good medical attendance and kept clean. They are allowed visitors during convalescence, and altogether their treatment is probably better than they have ever known. In the hospital are two Filipino women, one a young girl and the other an old woman. It was said that the girl bore a rifle and was shot in a *nipa* hut she was defending. Her sweetheart has visited her every day and brought her such things as she could eat. The old woman is almost past recovery, and her aged husband is allowed a cot at her side and attends her night and day. A young Filipino lieutenant died the day I was at the hospital, and his wife's sorrow was very pitiful. He said but little, but was stoical to the end. A Spanish priest was present and tried to comfort the wife. Some of the Spanish and native priests are allowed to visit the hospital daily, and they have suspended from the necks of each patient little brass amulets stamped with a picture of the Virgin. They also read to the patients and distribute among them little prayer-books printed in Tagalog. The majority of the wounded are young men, some of them being mere boys. Such humanitarian treatment is hardly understood by the natives, for, instead of torture, which they expected to receive, they find themselves given the best care possible, and it takes them a long time to understand its meaning until they become really convinced that our intentions toward them are good. E. W.

An Unwise Conservatism.

THE familiar saying that "The conservative man is the safe man" is not always true. Taken in the broad sense in which Meredith wrote the words, it may be granted; but considering the statement solely as it stands, one is not so ready to agree. It is a good enough thing to "go slow," but don't go too slowly. Conservatism may prevent mistakes, but there is an irrational conservatism that cheats one out of many benefits. There are not a few people who, when they are approached on the subject of life insurance, announce that they will "think it over." This is a clear case of going too slowly, of irrational conservatism. Life insurance needs no thinking over now. All that has been done by those who lived before you, and the decision they made in their time, you may wisely make your own to-day. In the Mutual Life of New York there are over a quarter of a million policy-holders who fully considered the matter in every possible relation, and concluded there was but one thing to do about it—and they insured. You can think of nothing this army of insured have not already thought over,—to ally yourself with them is to prove your conservatism to be of the soundest kind.

This "thinking over" is often disguised procrastination. The "sober second thought" saps the vitality of half of the noble impulses that make this world so lively and livable a spot. How many men would wear the Victoria Cross if it were the invariable rule to think things over? What would become of bravery if every life-saver took a sober second thought? The end that comes of noble actions bravely done has never been sponsored by that sort of conservatism.

As for life insurance in this connection there are two things of which you may be sure. You can think over the subject as long as you like, and the longer you think the more your policy will cost when at last you have decided it is a good thing to have. The second point is that every day of this thoughtful thinking lessens the chances of your ever getting insurance. For more than one the time to insure was spent in that same thinking, and his clock has struck twelve.

That hackneyed line of Shakespeare's is simplest truth. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Is it a wise conservatism that sits down on the bank and watches the water flow slowly past while carefully thinking things over? Lo! the ebb has set in—opportunity is passed.

The object of this is to impress upon the reader the folly of delay and of putting off till to-morrow the obvious duty of life insurance, which should be attended to this very day. It is comfortable often to shirk responsibilities, but they have an unfortunate habit of coming back to inquire when you intend to shoulder them, and they ask that question in louder tones with every day of your evasion. Do not, then, longer waste precious time in thinking over that which has all been thought out before, and which can only result to your advantage, but call to-day upon the nearest agent of The Mutual Life of New York, and under his guidance fall into line with those whose conservatism consisted, not in doubting the wisdom of life insurance, but in choosing the best company to which to ally themselves—The Grand Old Mutual.

Life-insurance Lessons.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

ANOTHER lesson in life insurance has been taught by the experience of the policy-holders of the National Life Insurance Association of Hartford, of which a receiver was recently appointed. One of the magistrates of New York City, to whom an appeal was made recently for a warrant against a life-insurance concern, was frank enough to say that he had troubles of his own, that he had been a member of the National Life Association, and had paid it considerable money for the last twenty-six years, and now had just been informed that the company was very much pleased with the confidence he had shown in its management, and notified him that it had turned over its business to the Security Trust and Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia. The magistrate added that he was too old to get new insurance, and could not help himself. I have no doubt that other policy-holders in the National Life Association of Hartford feel very much as the magistrate does, for a number of them have held a meeting in New York City to enter a protest against being "sold and delivered like sheep to the Security Trust and Life Company of Philadelphia." These policy-

holders have determined to endeavor to secure a return of some of the premiums paid by them, instead of accepting the re-insurance offered by the Philadelphia concern, and I do not blame them. I advise every policy-holder to join with them in the effort to get back what he can of his money out of the \$454,000 assets which the National Life reported it had on the 1st of January last. It was the boast of the National Life, in trying to get business, that since its organization it had paid out to its policy-holders over \$2,500,000. This is the common boast of the fraternal and assessment concerns. But what does that signify?

"J. C. B., Denver, Colorado: If you overstated your age and paid a larger premium than should honestly have been charged, I would present the proofs of that fact to the company and ask for a readjustment. It would please me to know what answer will be made."

"B., Ormond-by-the-Sea, Florida: The Germania is a stock company, reporting last year receipts of over \$4,000,000 and payments to policy-holders of over \$2,000,000. Its statement is very satisfactory. (2) I would have nothing to do with the Chicago assessment concern. The more you put in the less you will take out of these assessment associations. I find no report of the particular one you mention, but I class it with others of a similar character."

"B. J., Chicago: The Chosen Friends is a fraternal assessment order. It had an income last year, according to the report submitted to the superintendent of insurance of New York, of \$861,000, and paid to its members during that year over \$819,000. The total expense of its management was less than \$56,000, which was reasonably small. Its invested assets were nearly \$28,000, and its contingent mortuary liabilities \$167,000. It is as good as any of the fraternal assessment organizations."

The Hermit.

Wall Street—Two Things Needed.

Two things would facilitate the effort of the bull managers to change the general condition of lassitude and indifference to one of wide-awake activity and interest in the stock market, and these are the importation of gold from Europe and assurances of a large corn crop coupled with a continued demand for our surplus products of cotton, corn, and wheat. It is not impossible that these two factors may in time change the outlook for stocks and facilitate the bull movement. But it must not be forgotten that the rise in prices has been so general and decided as to discount most of the favorable factors. I still believe that no protracted bull campaign can be expected. First, because the foundation prices for such a campaign are not low enough, and, secondly, because we are on the eve of all the excitement, uncertainty, and doubt that a Presidential election always engenders—an election, too, with free silver thrust to the front again as a menace to existing prosperous conditions.

"Max," New Haven, Connecticut: I would prefer the Wabash debenture B's to Wabash preferred, as an investment or a speculation. (2) Of the tobacco stocks, my preference would be American for investment."

"Business," Schenectady, New York: The friends of Missouri Pacific insist that it ought to sell almost as high as Atchison preferred, but it will not do so until Missouri Pacific proves that it is on a dividend-paying basis. (2) I would sell at the price mentioned."

"McM., Key West, Florida: The Anaconda Copper Mining Company has a capital of \$30,000,000, and the par value of the shares is \$5.00. (2) I find no quotation of Anaconda on the Denver and Colorado Springs exchanges. The quotations of Anaconda printed by the papers of these cities are those telegraphed from the New York stock exchange."

"Johnson," Minneapolis, Minnesota: The American Ice Company, with a capital of \$30,000,000 preferred and \$30,000,000 common, is a very strong corporation, organized to take in and control the most valuable ice concerns in the United States. It has absorbed the Consolidated Ice Company of New York, the Knickerbocker Ice of Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, and virtually controls the ice traffic of the greatest cities. Its friends are enthusiastic in their belief in its future, but one can judge best as to the situation after a report of the earnings has been made."

"Trustee," Dallas, Texas: It would not be surprising if an earnest effort were made, on the basis of their present unquestionably large earnings, to advance a number of industrial stocks, especially the iron and steel properties. (2) I would keep the preferred and sell the common. (3) I have no doubt that you will sell your Federal Steel at the price you paid for it, and probably before Thanksgiving Day. (4) I would not sell my Manhattan. Its absorption by the other New York traction companies which are selling at double its price is not improbable. If it is not absorbed it will doubtless make a favorable combination."

"Artisan," Buffalo: Among the preferred industrials, I think as safe an investment as you can make is Glucose Sugar, and I base this judgment on the fine showing of its earnings. The common stock, too, will sell higher. (2) The earnings of Atchison show a phenomenal increase, but the operating expenses show almost as phenomenal a decrease. The latter may account in large part for the former. I would not hold my Atchison preferred for a larger profit. You have had enough and should be satisfied. Let some one else take the last cent and all the risk. (3) I think well of Reading first preferred and of all the coal stocks. My recommendation regarding Delaware and Hudson, and Lackawanna, made sometime ago, profited those who followed it and purchased these securities."

"B., Lebanon, Pennsylvania: The figures you give, which indicate that the Pennsylvania is earning more than the New York Central, and therefore worth more, may not be misleading, neither may they be sufficient to settle the contention. The name Vanderbilt itself is one which charms the investor in every financial centre, because it represents conservative management. I have no doubt that a comparison of the earnings of Lake Shore and Pennsylvania could have been made a few years ago quite as much in favor of the latter as the former, but note the difference in the prices of the two stocks. I do not believe that the rise in New York Central, however, is based entirely on the increase in its earnings. Many Vanderbilt followers are predicting that Central will be another Lake Shore, and they base this prediction on the knowledge that new leases, absorptions, and connections may any day largely increase the earnings and the strength of the Central and make it one of the most profitable of all the Vanderbilt roads. This element of speculative value I believe to be greater in the Central than in the Pennsylvania, but both are excellent properties. They have kept pretty close together in their selling price of late. A year ago Central sold at 118, while Pennsylvania was about 117. At this writing Central is about 140 and Pennsylvania about 137."

"Frederick," North Carolina, sends me an advertisement of the Boston Little Circle Zinc Company, which offers "a limited number of shares" at ten dollars a share, and announces that the price will be raised within a month to eleven dollars per share. "Frederick" says he cannot understand why an unlisted stock should be subject to an advance of a dollar a share at any time when those in control see fit to make it, nor does he understand how the company can offer to pay the July dividend to stockholders (if record July 25th, when said persons may have been stockholders for less than thirty days. I need only reply that any company can make any kind of an offer it pleases to induce the public to buy its stock. It was not many years ago that certain reputable men in New York advertised the shares of a gold mine for sale, and offered to guarantee liberal dividends to the purchasers. But the property failed to demonstrate its value, and so did the guarantee of the gentlemen who tried to sell it. My advice to my readers is to let all alluring promises of large speculative profits and dividends severely alone. JASPER."

A Wholesome Tonic Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. S. L. WILLIAMS, Clarence, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in cases where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it the best I have ever used."

The Highest Standard

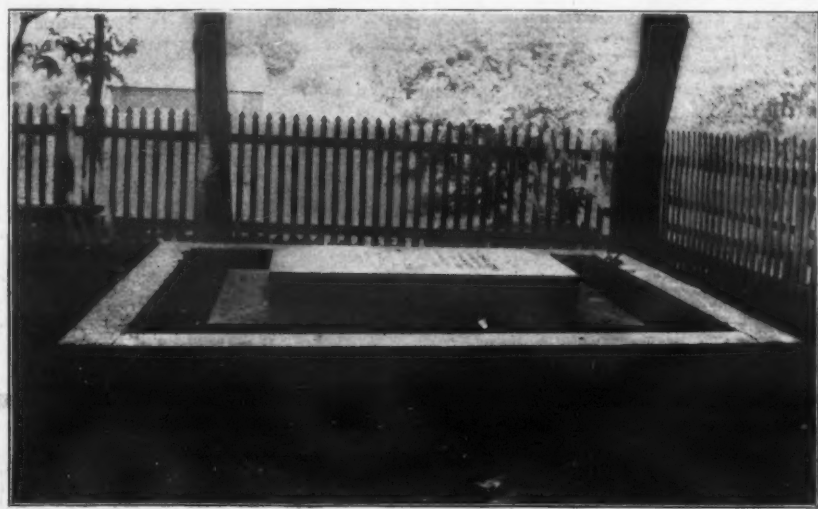
of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.



OLD DESERTED BRIGHTON BEACH, ONTARIO, OPPOSITE FORT WAYNE, DETROIT.
Photograph by Edward S. George, Detroit.



A TALK TO THE BUNNIES.
Photographed by George E. Guedry, New Orleans.

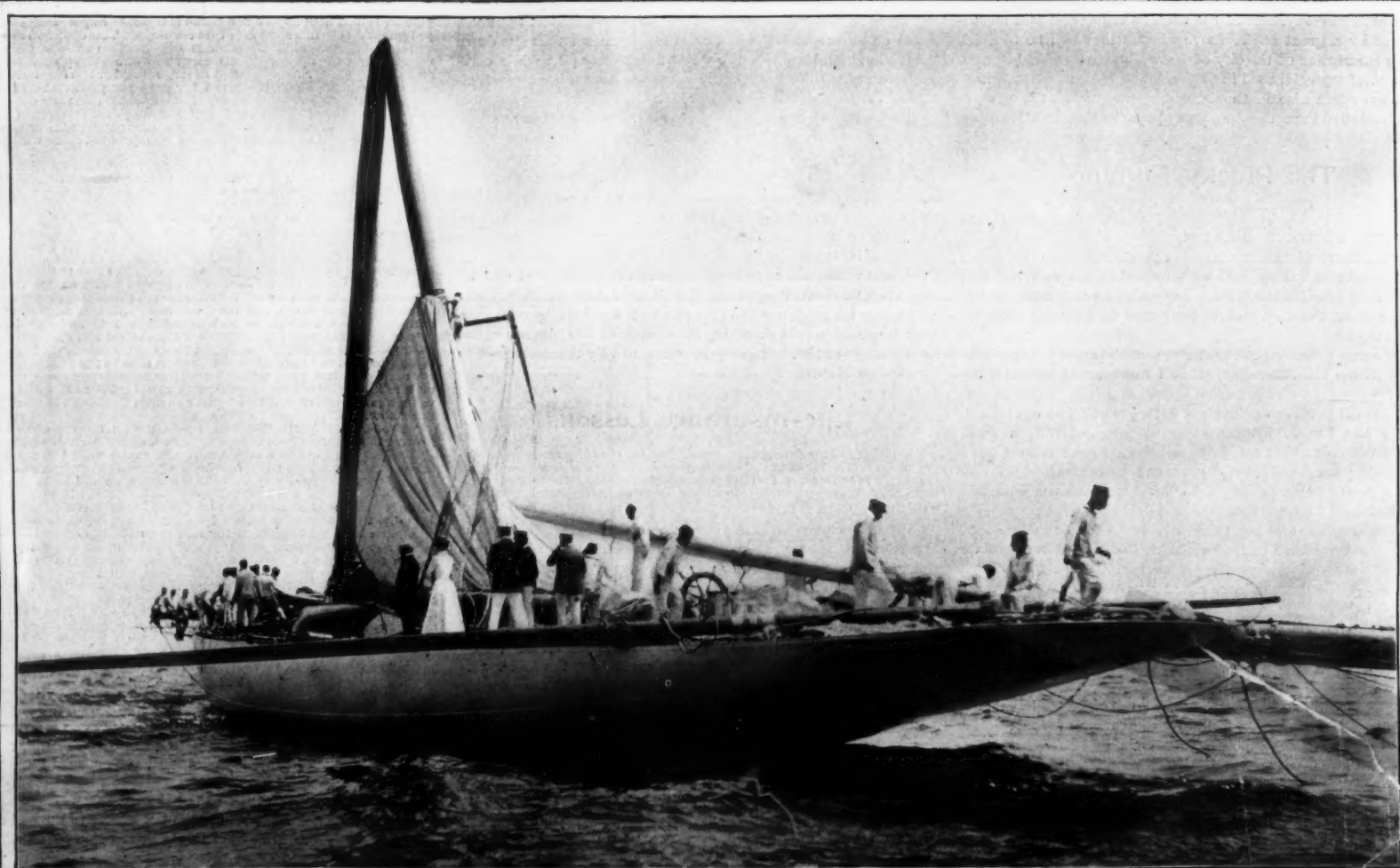


GRAVE OF SUTTER, WHO FIRST DISCOVERED GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, AND WHO IS BURIED IN
 THE OLD MORAVIAN CEMETERY AT LITITZ, PENNSYLVANIA.
Photographed by Harry W. Zook.



MOVING A HOUSE ON THE CHICAGO RIVER.
Photograph by H. F. Hild, Chicago.

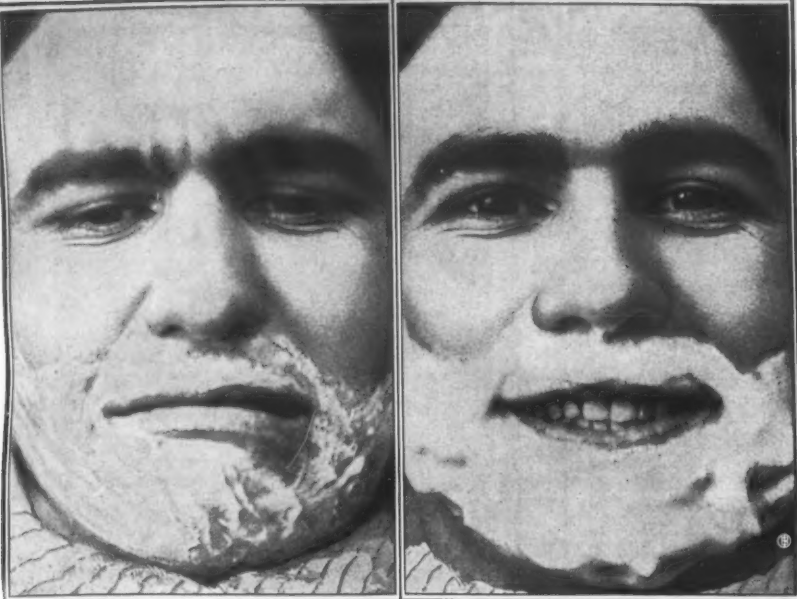
OUR PRIZE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.



THE DISASTROUS ACCIDENT TO THE AMERICAN CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA."

THE STEEL TELESCOPIC MAST SUDDENLY GIVES WAY DURING A RACE WITH THE "DEFENDER" OFF NEWPORT, IN WHICH THE "COLUMBIA" WAS MAKING AN EXCELLENT
Photographed for "Littell's Weekly" by Frank H. Childs—Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank H. Childs, Newport, Rhode Island.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

IT DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that WILLIAMS' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII AWARDS GOLD MEDAL

In Recognition of Benefits Received from



VIN MARIANI

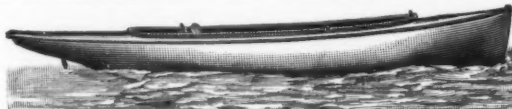
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For Body, Brain and Nerves
Send for Book of Endorsements and Portraits,
Free and Postpaid.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

Gold Medal Presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII to M. Angelo Mariani of Paris.

For Sale at all Druggists Everywhere. Avoid Substitutes.



PIERCE VAPOR LAUNCHES

Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed.
No Fire. No Government Inspection. Send for Catalogue.
Pierce Engine Co., Box 19, Racine Jct., Wis.

By an original and improved method of constructing the frame, the far-famed Sohmer Piano acquires extraordinary strength, and is enabled to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the strings.

Nervous Prostration has poor showing for success with any victim when Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are intelligently used. At druggists' or grocers'.

MAKE home a place of pleasure. Keep therein your greatest treasure, Cook's Imperial Champagne extra Dry. It is superior.

A man who travels without the Holy Bible and Pond's Extract is worse off than a traveler in the Sahara Desert without water, or a ship at sea without a compass," wrote the late Hugh McCullough, who was five times secretary to the United States Treasurer.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

The annual summer time-table of the West Shore Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, making the usual fast time through to Chicago and St. Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Express, and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Limited are shown on the new schedule, and commenced running June 25th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mountain service will be the running of a Catskill Mountain Sunday Special, which will leave New York at 10:00 A. M.

There are many improvements made in the local service. All trains running in connection with the Fitchburg Railroad on and after June 4th will run via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as heretofore.


The fast national limited train, known as No. 19, will run daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont and Hampton Ferry is shown as Cedarcliff.

THE LUXURY OF MODERN TRAVEL.

PULLMAN Parlor smoking-cars are provided on the two-hour trains between Philadelphia and New York by the Philadelphia and Reading route, in addition to the regular Pullman Parlor cars which are operated on all the Philadelphia and Reading fast trains. A fast train to New York nearly every hour of the day. In addition to the regular Liberty Street ferry service, a new terminal has been established at the Battery, foot of Whitehall Street. South Ferry, the most convenient place in New York to land. All elevated railroads, nearly all New York surface lines up-town, ferries to Brooklyn, Staten Island and Coney Island, leave from under the same roof. Just try this route once. Engines burn hard coal. No smoke.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN
OF THIS YEARS AGO"
**ED. PINAUD'S
EAU DE
QUININE**
PRESERVES THE HAIR.
CLEANSSES THE SCALP
AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Stricture CURED while You Sleep

Dr. Carter's GRAN-SOLVENT will dislodge, digest and forever remove STRICTURE in 15 days. Bougies dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. Cures Enlarged Prostate. Valuable treatise free.
ST. JAMES ASS'N, DEP'T 135 BOND HILL, O.

"They're worth it, too!"

To set a price is one thing, but to prove the article "worth it" is another.

Rambler

BICYCLES

"20 year old wheels" have always been worth their price, this year more so than ever.

PRICE \$40

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE


GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo,
Cleveland, London, Eng.

"Progress and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway are one and inseparable."

For safe, comfortable and punctual travel between Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston, it has neither a superior nor an equal.

Book, "Two Privileges Summer Travel" sent free to any address by

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.



The "Royal Limited"

MOST SUPERB DAY TRAIN IN THE WORLD.
DAILY BETWEEN
**NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
BALTIMORE,
WASHINGTON.**

LV. NEW YORK 3:00 P.M.-AR. WASH'N 8:00 P.M.
LV. WASH'N 3:00 P.M.-AR. NEW YORK 8:00 P.M.

CASH for acceptable ideas. State if patented. The Patent Record, Baltimore, Md.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, 4, Lebanon, Ohio.

BARKER'S BRANDS
WILLIAM BARKER COMPANY,



COLLARS AND CUFFS
WEST TROY, N. Y.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANGHAM Portland Place. The most ideal situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite with Americans. Every modern improvement.

Wool Soap

It's safe to use Wool Soap—it keeps the skin well.

Swift and Company, Makers,
Chicago

LESLIE'S WEEKLY as an Advertising Medium.

Be represented with the best.

Leslie's Weekly has the Continuous Patronage of these Leading Advertisers:

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D. Appleton & Co.
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Tiffany & Co.
Theodore B. Starr.
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Armour & Co.
Beecham.
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Geo. Frost Co.
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Harris Safety Co.
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Hartley & Graham.
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Jaeger Sanitary Co.
Kremenz & Co.
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Mulhens & Kropff.
Northern Steamship Co.
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Nestor Cigarettes.
Overman Wheel Co.
Overholt & Co.
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Pear's Soap.
Pozzoni.
Pope Manufacturing Co.
"Pommery" Champagne.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Quaker Oats.
Robert Low's Sons.
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Remington Typewriter.

Rheinstrom Bros.
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Sozodont.
S. F. Whitman & Son.
Seville Packing Co.
Southern Railroad.
Shaw Stocking Co.
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Swift & Co.
The Gramophone Corp.
The Liebig Co.
Urbana Wine Co.
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Whiting Paper Co.
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Yankee Soap.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.



STATE SENATOR E. A. HARBOUR, OF MONTANA, WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH RIGHT HIP.



EMACIATED SOLDIERS LANDING WITH DIFFICULTY.



A VOLUNTEER, SHOT THROUGH THE LEGS, COMPELLED TO CRAWL DOWN THE GANGPLANK ALONE.



SERGEANT T. J. HALL, OF THE UTAH BATTERY, AND OTHERS, WAITING FOR THE TUG TO TAKE INVALIDS TO THE PRESIDIO.



A VICTIM OF THE FILIPINO MAUSER BULLETS GETTING ASHORE ALONE.



PRIVATE JOSEPH KEARNES, WOUNDED IN THE LEG, LOST HIS HAT WHILE BEING HELPED ASHORE.

Sad Neglect of Wounded Soldiers.

PICTURES WHICH FURNISH THE PROOF OF SOME OFFICIAL'S INEXCUSABLE NEGLIGENCE.

WE reproduce herewith a number of pictures which were taken on the arrival of the steamer *Morgan City* at San Francisco, July 25th, with nearly 500 of our brave

volunteers, the sick and wounded from Manila. Some had fallen on the firing-lines, others had succumbed to fevers and other diseases contracted in the tropical morasses, and many could barely leave their cots. The steamer docked at Fremont Street, and there orders were issued to transfer the volunteers to the Presidio hospital. No conveniences to land the men and no ambulances or stretchers had been provided, and the on-lookers about the dock lent such aid as they could to the helpless and suffering. It was sad to see men scarcely able to walk attempt to carry those unable to walk at all. The few men of the hospital corps on board did all they could, but their task was too great.

Brave men who had been shot through the legs came

down the steep gangway, some holding the injured limbs up and using their hands to aid their locomotion. There were no couches or settees, nothing but rough planks on the wharf, so that the soldiers with crutches had to lean against the wall, and others were propped up against the knees of comrades until chests and blankets could be brought from the hold of the *Morgan City*. There were no extra nurses, and the few hospital men aboard had too much to do, so the sick had to shift as best they could. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon before the *McDowell* and *Fearless* steamed up to the Fremont Street pier, and it was 6:30 P. M. before the last of the sick and wounded were on their way to the Presidio. All day long they had been buffeted about in making the transfer. C. V. T.



THE HOSPITAL CORPS AIDING A CRIPPLED COMRADE TO LEAVE THE VESSEL.



CONVALESCENTS PAINFULLY MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN THE STEEP GANGPLANK TO THE WHARF.

\$2.00

THE Dewey Watch

For **2** Dollars.

A Priceless Souvenir of the Spanish War.

The cases of the **DEWEY WATCH** are made from steel from the wreck of the *Maine*, all of which has been purchased by the W. F. Doll Manufacturing Co. The works are guaranteed for one year.

OUR TWO-DOLLAR OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

We will send the handsome **DEWEY WATCH**, of which a full-size and accurate picture is given herewith, to all mail subscribers to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, on receipt of two dollars for the watch and four dollars for the regular amount of the annual subscription to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, making six dollars in all!



TAKE NOTICE.—The number of **Dewey Watches** at our disposal is obviously limited. This offer is therefore subject to withdrawal without further notice. Any orders received after the exhaustion of our supply of watches will not be filled. But the money will be promptly refunded.

The price of this beautiful watch to all persons not subscribers to "Leslie's" is \$10.00.

Address **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**.

JUDGE BUILDING, - - - - - 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

A Magnificent Portrait of

ADMIRAL DEWEY,

in Ten Colors, 10c.

(Size, 14 x 21 inches.)

Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage-stamps
To **JUDGE COMPANY**, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OF IMPORTANCE TO EVERY WOMAN

A Perfect Darning Machine, Not a Toy

Made of Solid Brass, Steel and Polished Wood

Guaranteed by the Demorest's Magazine

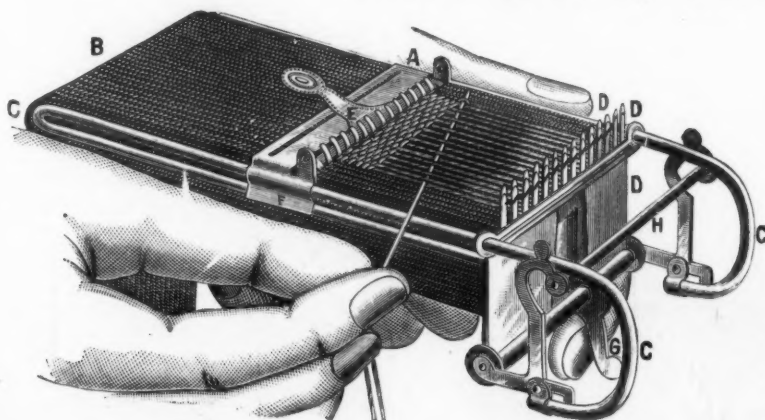
Simple

Automatic

Practical

STRONG in Construction

But **Light** in **WEIGHT**



It Will Mend

Stockings

Underwear

Table Linen

MAKE DOUBLE

HEELS AND KNEES

A simple, practical and reliable Darning Machine is really as necessary as a sewing machine in every home. The New Rapid "Automatic" Darner is a strictly first-class machine. It is simple—so simple, in fact, that even a child, by following our plain printed instructions, can use it with perfect success. The "Automatic" Darner is so constructed that no man, woman or child of ordinary intelligence can fail to make the most beautiful darns imaginable—work which would be simply impossible to execute by hand. It is so rapid that by its use you can make at least four perfect darns in the same time that it takes to execute one fairly good darn with the needle alone. To make a neat darn by hand requires considerable taste and experience. With the "Automatic" Machine we guarantee that even a child of six can, with two hours' practice, make a darn so perfect in every way that the most critical grandmother cannot equal it with her needle.

WHAT IT WILL DO.—It will mend stockings, underwear, table linen, etc., rapidly and uniformly. The darn is compact and smooth on both sides, and any size darn up to 2 x 3 inches can be made at one operation, and any space may be covered by making the additional darns attached to each other. The size of the darn is easily regulated. The machine weaves a darn over or into the fabric, as may be desired, and does it so well that it is apparently a part of the original fabric. Any kind of thread may be used—wool, cotton, silk or linen—with equally good results.

NEW HEELS AND TOES.—With this machine a darn may be made anywhere in any stocking, large or small, and new heels, new toes or double knees can be readily inserted, at an immense saving of time, patience and eyesight.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DARNER is substantial. It is made of solid brass, steel and polished wood, and will last a lifetime. It cannot get out of order even in the hands of the most inexperienced. It has no loose pieces to shift about and annoy the operator. The block over which the fabric is placed is the only detachable portion. Every movement of the parts is automatic and perfect working.

REMEMBER IT IS NOT A TOY, BUT A PERFECT MACHINE.

OUR GUARANTEE.—There are several darning machines on the market, sold at a low price, which have not given satisfaction, so before offering this Darner to **DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE** readers we had several inexperienced ladies operate it, to their entire satisfaction and to ours. **WE THEREFORE GUARANTEE** it to do all we claim it will, and will cheerfully take it back and refund the money paid for it when not found entirely satisfactory.

HERE ARE OUR OFFERS. We will send one of these Darning Machines anywhere in the United States, postage paid, and also send the **DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE** one year on receipt of \$1.75; or we will send the Darning Machine free to anyone sending us **Three** yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each; or we will send it, postage paid, for one yearly subscription and **75 Cents** additional—\$1.75 in all; or, if you are already a subscriber to the **DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE**, we will send it, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50. *Remember we guarantee it to give satisfaction or return your money.*

DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



DIDN'T GET THEM STRAIGHT.

FARMER (reluctantly inclined)—"Did you ever stop to think who set those stars in the heavens, sir?"
FARMER—"Naw; but th' feller thet did th' job could never set termaters fer me."

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

A \$5.00 BOOK FOR \$1.00.

The Latest and Best Publication on Modern Artistic Dwellings and
Other Buildings of Low Cost.

PALLISER'S AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE; Or, Every Man a Complete Builder.

BE YOUR OWN ARCHITECT.

This book will save you hundreds of dollars if you are thinking about building a house.

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, *Palliser's American Architecture*; or, *Every Man a Complete Builder*, prepared by Palliser, Palliser & Co., the well-known Architects.

There is not a builder or any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular book ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A \$5 book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, to suit the times, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 104 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large color plate pages, giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, no guess work, and instructions *How to Build* 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country houses for the farm, and workingmen's homes, for all sections of the country, and costing from \$300 to \$6,500; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of architects. It is worth \$5 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1; bound in cloth, \$2.

If you ever intend to build get this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses as they are called on to build every day in the week.

There is not a builder in the country who can afford to neglect this book.

Address all Orders to

JUDGE CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Advertise in Leslie's.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING,
Warehouses. Fifth Ave., cor. 22d St.



SIMPLE, ACCURATE, AND
EASILY ADJUSTED
POCKET CASH
REGISTER.

Every person who wishes to keep account of his or her Daily, Weekly, or Monthly expenses, can do so. Can be used as a COUNTER for

GOLF, WHIST, BASEBALL, Etc.

Its uses are innumerable. Made of Aluminum, weight one-half oz. Size of a silver dollar.
Sent Postpaid, for 25c.—any address, U. S. or Can.
Reference, Commercial Bank, Port Huron, U. S. Pat., Feb. 21st, 1899. Can. Pending. Address
CENTURY NOVELTY CO., DEPT. L
PORT HURON, MICH., U. S. A.



A POCKET STOVE FREE.

A COMPLETE Pocket Stove—(note cuts) ready for instant use. May be re-lighted from time to time and will burn continuously for one hour, is non-explosive.

The stove will be sent postpaid on receipt of metal cap from a bottle of Vigoral, or the stove and Vigoral will be sent on receipt of 35c. for 2oz., or 50c. for 4oz. bottle.

Makes Weak People Strong.

Vigoral

An Excellent Appetizer.

—Concentrated Beef.

A deliciously seasoned beef drink, relished and easily retained—prepared in a moment, a cup of hot water and pinch of salt.
Sold by grocers and druggists.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA.



Costs Less than One Cent a Cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food.

Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.



The Improved BOSTON GARTER

is an Essential of the Well-Dressed Man.

ALWAYS EASY

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

THE *Vitrol Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never slips, tears nor unfastens.

THE NAME "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

Sold Everywhere

Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO. Makers Boston, Mass.

DON'T SEW ON BUTTONS!

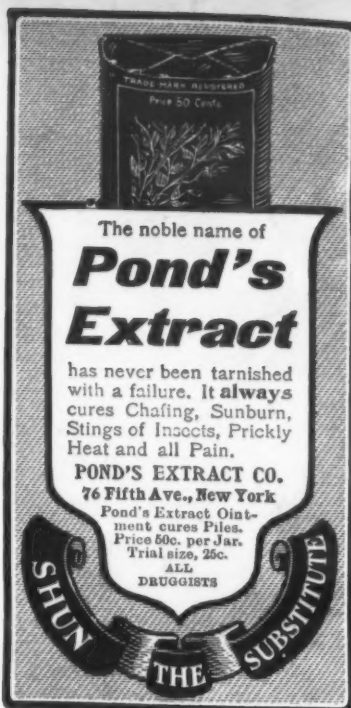


Bachelor's Buttons made with Improved Washburne Patent Fasteners slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—they hold like grim death, but don't injure the fabric. Instantly released when desired. By mail, 10c each. Illus. catalogue showing collar buttons and other useful novelties made with these fasteners, free on request.

American Ring Co., Box 85, Waterbury, Conn.

LANTERN SLIDES of the WAR WITH SPAIN.

Exclusive use of Pictures appearing in LESLIE'S WEEKLY.
Cuba, War-ships, Travel, History, Natives and Customs, Religions, Illustrated Hymns and Songs. Lecture Sets with Descriptive Readings. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
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The noble name of Pond's Extract

has never been tarnished with a failure. It *always* cures Chafing, Sunburn, Stings of Insects, Prickly Heat and all Pain.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
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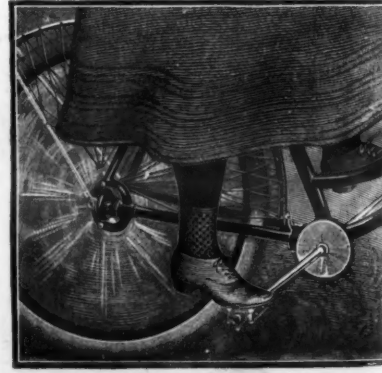
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